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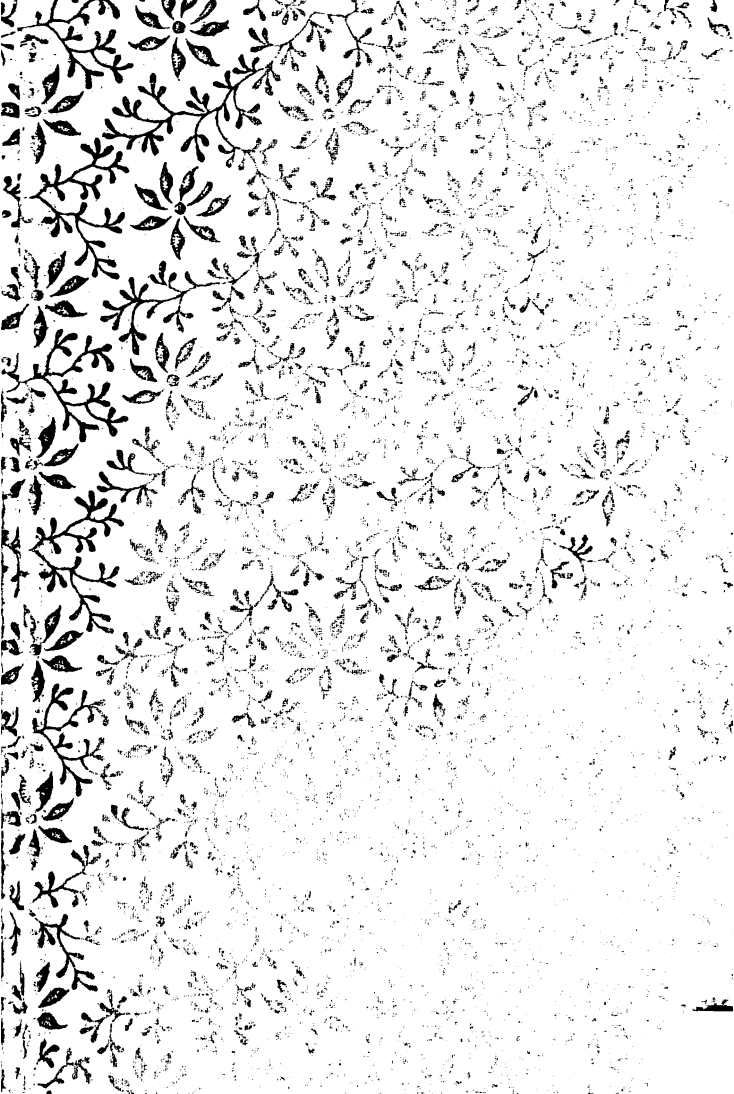
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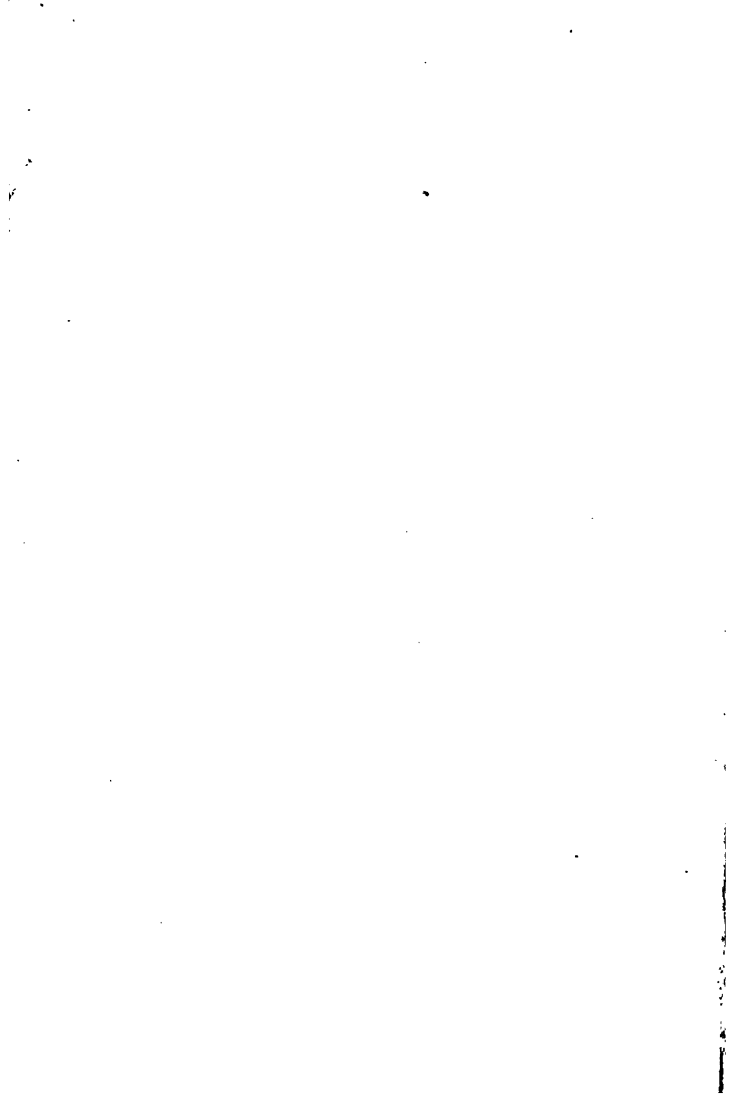
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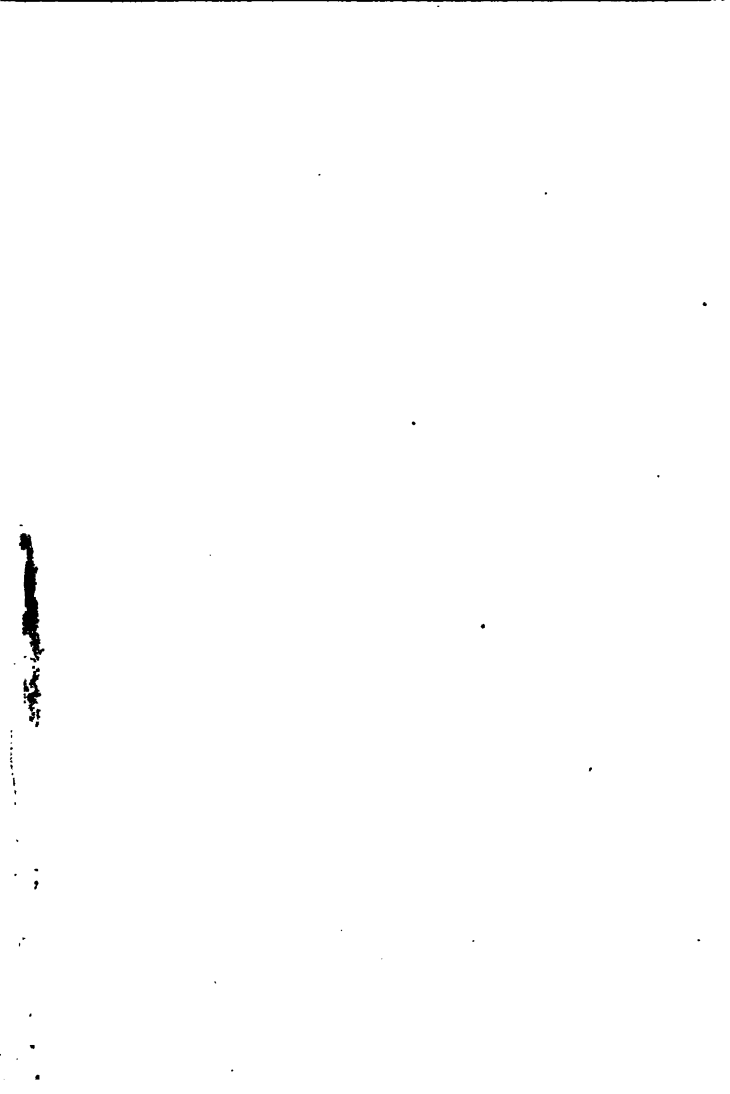


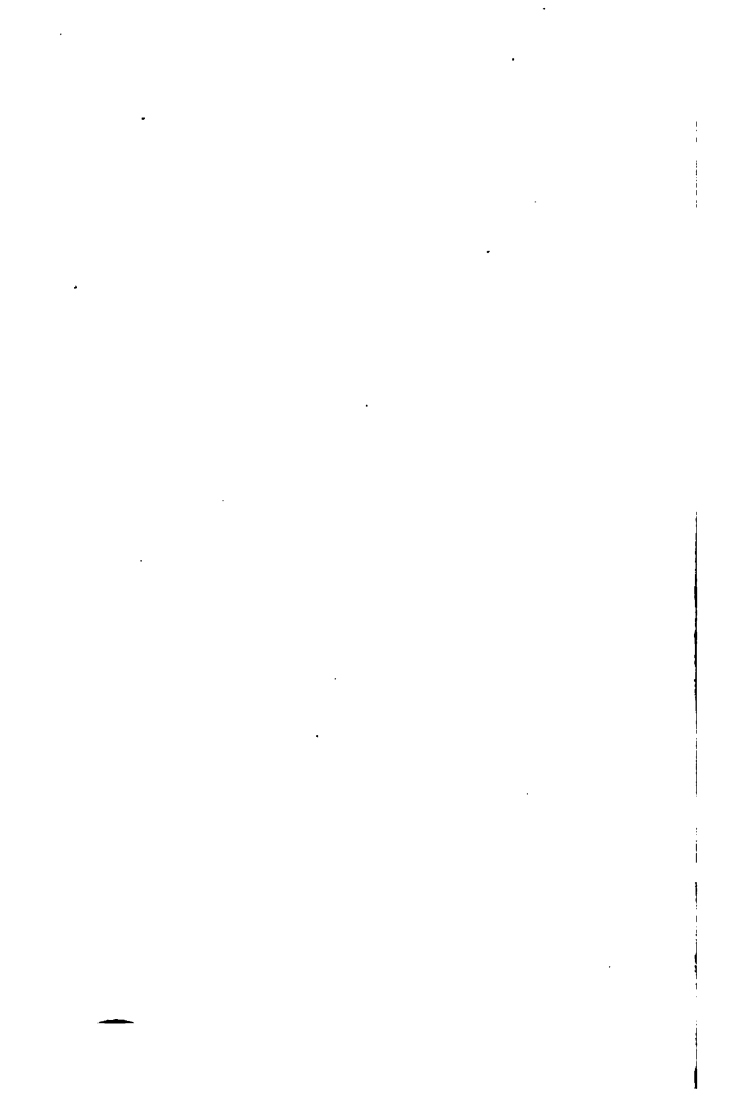


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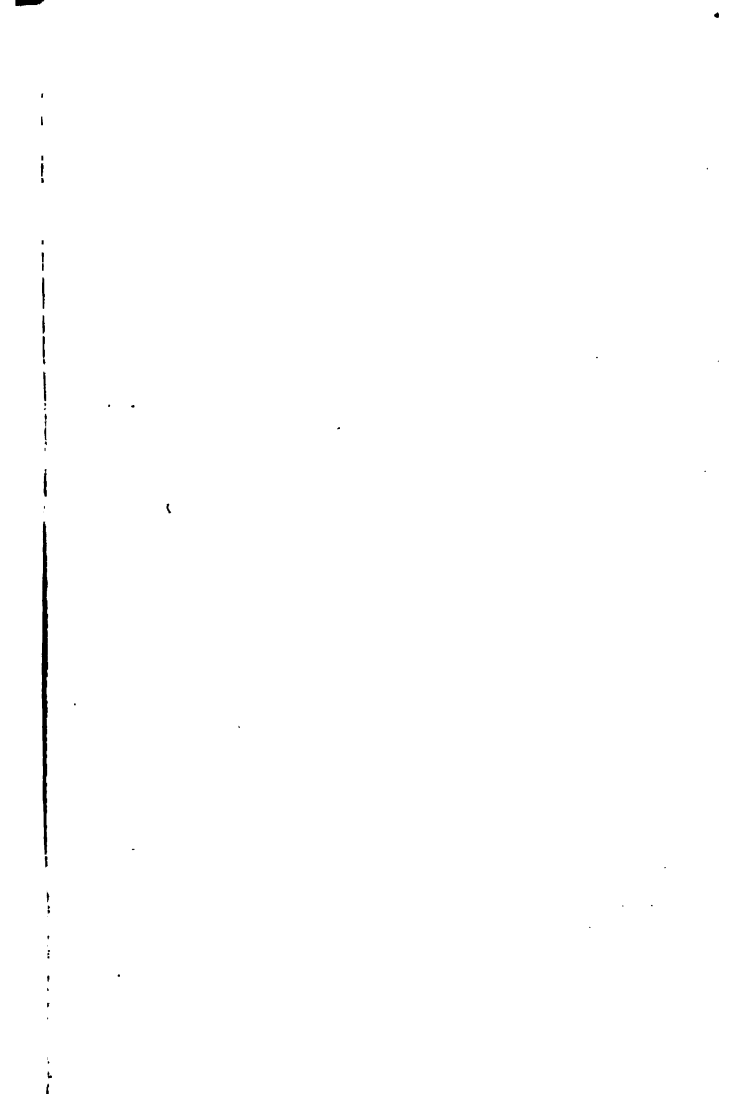
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CHILDE



HAROLD'S

PILGRIMAGE

BY LORD BYRON

ILLUSTRATED

1. 2291



BOSTON

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CHI

# CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE .

## A ROMAUNT.

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### CANTO THE FIRST (1812).

#### I.

OH thou, in Hellas deem'd of heavenly birth,  
Muse, form'd or fabled at the minstrel's will!  
Since shamed full oft by later lyres on earth,  
Mine dares not call thee from thy sacred hill:  
Yet there I've wander'd by thy vaunted rill;  
Yes! sighed o'er Delphi's long-deserted shrine,<sup>1</sup>  
Where, save that feeble fountain, all is still:  
Nor mote my shell awake the weary Nine  
To grace so plain a tale — this lowly lay of  
mine.

#### II.

Whilome in Albion's isle there dwelt a youth,  
Who ne in virtue's ways did take delight;

<sup>1</sup> The little village of Castri stands partly on the site of Delphi.

But spent his days in riot most uncouth,  
 And vex'd with mirth the drowsy ear of Night.  
 Ah, me! in sooth he was a shameless wight,  
 Sore given to revel and ungodly glee;  
 Few earthly things found favor in his sight  
 Save concubines and carnal companie,  
 And flaunting wassailers of high and low de-  
 gree.

## III.

Childe Harold was he hight: — but whence  
 his name  
 And lineage long, it suits me not to say;  
 Suffice it, that perchance they were of fame,  
 And had been glorious in another day;  
 But one sad losel soils a name for aye,  
 However mighty in the olden time;  
 Nor all that heralds rake from coffin'd clay,  
 Nor florid prose, nor honey'd lines of rhyme,  
 Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.

## IV.

Childe Harold bask'd him in the noontide sun,  
 Disporting there like any other fly,  
 Nor deem'd before his little day was done  
 One blast might chill him into misery,  
 But long ere scarce a third of his pass'd by,  
 Worse than adversity the Childe befell;  
 He felt the fulness of satiety:

Then loathed he in his native land to dwell,  
Which seem'd to him more lone than Eremite's  
sad cell.

V.

For he through Sin's long labyrinth had run,  
Nor made atonement when he did amiss,  
Had sigh'd to many, though he loved but one,  
And that loved one, alas! could ne'er be his.  
Ah, happy she! to 'scape from him whose kiss  
Had been pollution unto aught so chaste;  
Who soon had left her charms for vulgar bliss,  
And spoil'd her goodly lands to gild his waste,  
Nor calm domestic peace had ever deign'd to  
taste.

VI.

And now Childe Harold was sore sick at heart,  
And from his fellow bacchanals would flee;  
'Tis said, at times the sullen tear would start,  
But Pride congeal'd the drop within his e'e.  
Apart he stalk'd in joyless reverie,  
And from his native land resolved to go,  
And visit scorching climes beyond the sea;  
With pleasure drugg'd, he almost long'd for  
woe,  
And e'en for change of scene would seek the  
shades below.

## VII.

The Childe departed from his father's hall :  
It was a vast and venerable pile ;  
So old, it seemèd only not to fall,  
Yet strength was pillar'd in each massy aisle.  
Monastic dome ! condemn'd to uses vile !  
Where Superstition once had made her den,  
Now Paphian girls were known to sing and  
    smile ;  
And monks might deem their time was come  
    agen,  
If ancient tales say true, nor wrong these holy  
    men.

## VIII.

Yet ofttimes in his maddest mirthful mood,  
Strange pangs would flash along Childe Har-  
    old's brow  
As if the memory of some deadly feud  
Or disappointed passion lurk'd below :  
But this none knew, nor haply cared to know :  
For his was not that open, artless soul  
That feels relief by bidding sorrow flow ;  
Nor sought he friend to counsel or condole,  
Whate'er this grief mote be, which he could not  
    control.



IX.

And none did love him: though to hall and  
bower

He gather'd revellers from far and near,  
He knew them flatterers of the festal hour;  
The heartless parasites of present cheer.  
Yea, none did love him — not his lemans  
dear —

But pomp and power alone are woman's care,  
And where these are light Eros finds a feere;  
Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,  
And Mammon wins his way where Seraphs  
might despair.

X.

Childe Harold had a mother — not forgot,  
Though parting from that mother he did  
shun;

A sister whom he loved, but saw her not  
Before his weary pilgrimage begun:  
If friends he had, he bade adieu to none,  
Yet deem not thence his breast a breast of  
steel:

Ye, who have known what 'tis to dote upon  
A few dear objects, will in sadness feel  
Such partings break the heart they fondly hope  
to heal.

XI.

His house, his home, his heritage, his lands,  
 The laughing dames in whom he did delight,  
 Whose large blue eyes, fair locks, and snowy  
     hands,  
 Might shake the saintship of an anchorite,  
 And long had fed his youthful appetite ;  
 His goblets brimm'd with every costly wine,  
 And all that mote to luxury invite,  
 Without a sigh he left to cross the brine,  
 And traverse Paynim shores, and pass Earth's  
     central line.

XII.

The sails were fill'd, and fair the light winds  
     blew,  
 As glad to waft him from his native home ;  
 And fast the white rocks faded from his view,  
 And soon were lost in circumambient foam ;  
 And then, it may be, of his wish to roam  
 Repented he, but in his bosom slept  
 The silent thought, nor from his lips did  
     come  
 One word of wail, whilst others sate and  
     wept,  
 And to the reckless gales unmanly moaning  
     kept.

XIII.

But when the sun was sinking in the sea,  
He seized his harp, which he at times could  
    string,  
And strike, albeit with untaught melody,  
When deem'd he no strange ear was listening:  
And now his fingers o'er it he did fling,  
And tuned his farewell in the dim twilight;  
While flew the vessel on her snowy wing,  
And fleeting shores receded from his sight,  
Thus to the elements he pour'd his last "Good  
    Night."

Adieu, adieu! my native shore  
    Fades o'er the waters blue;  
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,  
    And shrieks the wild sea-mew.  
Yon sun that sets upon the sea  
    We follow in his flight;  
Farewell a while to him and thee,  
    My native land — Good Night!

A few short hours, and he will rise  
    To give the morrow birth;  
And I shall hail the main and skies,  
    But not my mother earth.

Deserted is my own good hall,  
Its hearth is desolate ;  
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall,  
My dog howls at the gate.

“ Come hither, hither, my little page :  
Why dost thou weep and wail?  
Or dost thou dread the billow's rage,  
Or tremble at the gale?  
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye,  
Our ship is swift and strong ;  
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly  
More merrily along.”

“ Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,  
I fear not wave nor wind ;  
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I  
Am sorrowful in mind ;  
For I have from my father gone,  
A mother whom I love,  
And have no friend, save these alone,  
But thee — and One above.

“ My father bless'd me fervently,  
Yet did not much complain ;  
But sorely will my mother sigh  
Till I come back again.” —



“ Enough, enough, my little lad !  
Such tears become thine eye ;  
If I thy guileless bosom had,  
Mine own would not be dry.

“ Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,  
Why dost thou look so pale?  
Or dost thou dread a French foeman,  
Or shiver at the gale ? ” —  
“ Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?  
Sir Childe, I'm not so weak ;  
But thinking on an absent wife  
Will blanch a faithful cheek.

“ My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,  
Along the bordering lake ;  
And when they on their father call,  
What answer shall she make ? ” —  
“ Enough, enough, my yeoman good,  
Thy grief let none gainsay ;  
But I, who am of lighter mood,  
Will laugh to flee away.”

For who would trust the seeming sighs  
Of wife or paramour?  
Fresh feeres will dry the bright blue eyes  
We late saw streaming o'er.

For pleasures past I do not grieve,  
 Nor perils gathering near;  
 My greatest grief is that I leave  
 No thing that claims a tear.

And now I'm in the world alone,  
 Upon the wide, wide sea;  
 But why should I for others groan,  
 When none will sigh for me?  
 Perchance my dog will whine in vain,  
 Till fed by stranger hands;  
 But long ere I come back again  
 He'd tear me where he stands.

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go  
 Athwart the foaming brine!  
 Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,  
 So not again to mine.  
 Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves!  
 And when you fail my sight,  
 Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!  
 My native Land — Good Night!

: : : : :

CANTO THE THIRD (1816).

I.

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child!  
Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart?  
When last I saw thy young blue eyes, they  
    smiled,  
And then we parted, — not as now we part,  
But with a hope.—

    Awaking with a start,  
The waters heave around me; and on high  
The winds lift up their voices: I depart,  
Whither I know not; but the hour's gone by  
When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or  
    glad mine eye.

II.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!  
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed  
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!  
Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead!  
Though the strain'd mast should quiver as a  
    reed,  
And the rent canvas fluttering strew the gale,  
Still must I on; for I am as a weed,

Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam, to sail  
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's  
breath prevail.

## III.

In my youth's summer I did sing of One,  
The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind;  
Again I seize the theme, then but begun,  
And bear it with me, as the rushing wind  
Bears the clouds onwards: in that Tale I find  
The furrows of long thought, and dried-up  
tears,  
Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track behind,  
O'er which all heavily the journeying years  
Plod the last sands of life — where not a flower  
appears.

## IV.

Since my young days of passion — joy, or pain,  
Perchance my heart and harp have lost a  
string,  
And both may jar: it may be that in vain  
I would essay as I have sung to sing.  
Yet, though a dreary strain, to this I cling,  
So that it wean me from the weary dream  
Of selfish grief or gladness — so it fling  
Forgetfulness around me — it shall seem . .  
To me, though to none else, a not ungrateful  
theme.



V.

He who, grown aged in this world of woe,  
In deeds, not years, piercing the depths of life,  
So that no wonder waits him ; nor below  
Can love or sorrow, fame, ambition, strife,  
Cut to his heart again with the keen knife  
Of silent, sharp endurance : he can tell  
Why thought seeks refuge in lone caves, yet  
    rife  
With airy images, and shapes which dwell  
Still unimpair'd, though old, in the soul's  
    haunted cell.

VI.

'Tis to create, and in creating live  
A being more intense, that we endow  
With form or fancy, gaining as we give  
The life we image, even as I do now.  
What am I ? Nothing : but not so art thou,  
Soul of my thought ! with whom I traverse  
    earth,  
Invisible but gazing, as I glow  
Mix'd with thy spirit, blended with thy birth,  
And feeling still with thee in my crush'd feelings'  
    dearth.

VII.

Yet must I think less wildly : I *have* thought  
Too long and darkly, till my brain became,

## 22 *CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.*

In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,  
A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame;  
And thus, untaught in youth my heart to tame,  
My springs of life were poison'd. 'Tis too  
late!

Yet am I changed; though still enough the  
same

In strength to bear what time cannot abate,  
And feed on bitter fruits without accusing Fate.

### VIII.

Something too much of this: but now 'tis  
past,

And the spell closes with its silent seal.

Long-absent Harold reappears at last;

He of the breast which fain no more would  
feel,

Wrung with the wounds which kill not, but  
ne'er heal;

Yet time, who changes all, had alter'd him

In soul and aspect as in age: years steal

Fire from the mind as vigor from the limb;

And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the  
brim.

### IX.

His had been quaff'd too quickly, and he  
found

The dregs were wormwood; but he fill'd  
again,

And from a purer fount, on holier ground,  
And deem'd its spring perpetual ; but in vain !  
Still round him clung invisibly a chain  
Which gall'd for ever, fettering though unseen,  
And heavy though it clank'd not ; worn with  
    pain,  
Which pined although it spoke not, and grew  
    keen,  
Entering with every step he took through many  
    a scene.

X.

Secure in guarded coldness, he had mix'd  
Again in fancied safety with his kind,  
And deem'd his spirit now so firmly fix'd  
And sheath'd with an invulnerable mind,  
That, if no joy, no sorrow lurk'd behind :  
And he, as one, might 'midst the many stand  
Unheeded, searching through the crowd to  
    find  
Fit speculation ; such as in strange land  
He found in wonder-works of God and Nature's  
    hand.

XI.

But who can view the ripen'd rose, nor seek  
To wear it ? who can curiously behold  
The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's  
    cheek,  
Nor feel the heart can never all grow old ?

24 *CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.*

Who can contemplate Fame through clouds  
    unfold  
The star which rises o'er her steep, nor climb?  
Harold once more within the vortex roll'd  
On with the giddy circle, chasing Time,  
Yet with a nobler aim than in his youth's fond  
    prime.

XII.

But soon he knew himself the most unfit  
Of men to herd with man; with whom he  
    held  
Little in common: untaught to submit  
His thoughts to others, though his soul was  
    quell'd  
In youth by his own thoughts; still uncom-  
    pell'd,  
He would not yield dominion of his mind  
To spirits against whom his own rebell'd;  
Proud though in desolation; which could find  
A life within itself, to breath without mankind.

XIII.

Where rose the mountains, there to him were  
    friends;  
Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his home;  
Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, extends,  
He had the passion and the power to roam;

The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,  
Were unto him companionship ; they spake  
A mutual language, clearer than the tome  
Of his land's tongue, which he would oft  
forsake  
For Nature's pages glass'd by sunbeams on the  
lake.

XIV.

Like the Chaldean, he could watch the stars,  
Till he had peopled them with beings bright  
As their own beams ; and earth, and earth-  
born jars,  
And human frailties, were forgotten quite :  
Could he have kept his spirit to that flight,  
He had been happy ; but this clay will sink  
Its spark immortal, envying it the light  
To which it mounts, as if to break the link  
That keeps us from yon heaven which woos us  
to its brink.

XV.

But in Man's dwellings he became a thing  
Restless and worn, and stern and wearisome,  
Droop'd as a wild-born falcon with clipt wing,  
To whom the boundless air alone were home :  
Then came his fit again, which to o'ercome,  
As eagerly the barred-up bird will beat  
His breast and beak against his wiry dome

26 *CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.*

Till the blood tinge his plumage, so the heat  
Of his impeded soul would through his bosom  
eat.

XVI.

Self-exiled Harold wanders forth again,  
With naught of hope left, but with less of  
gloom ;  
The very knowledge that he lived in vain,  
That all was over on this side the tomb,  
Had made Despair a smilingness assume,  
Which, though 'twere wild—as on the plunder'd  
wreck  
When mariners would madly meet their doom  
With draughts intemperate on the sinking  
deck —  
Did yet inspire a cheer, which he forbore to  
check.

XVII.

Stop ! for thy tread is on an Empire's dust !  
An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below !  
Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust ?  
Nor column trophied for triumphal show ?  
None ; but the moral's truth tells simpler so,  
As the ground was before, thus let it be ; —  
How that red rain hath made the harvest grow !

And is this all the world has gain'd by thee,  
Thou first and last of fields! king-making  
Victory?

XVIII.

And Harold stands upon this place of skulls,  
The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo!  
How in an hour the power which gave annals  
Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting too!  
In "pride of place"<sup>1</sup> here last the eagle flew,  
Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain,  
Pierced by the shaft of banded nations through;  
Ambition's life and labors all were vain;  
He wears the shatter'd links of the world's  
broken chain.

XIX.

Fit retribution! Gaul may champ the bit,  
And foam in fetters, but is Earth more free?  
Did nations combat to make *One* submit;  
Or league to teach all kings true sovereignty?  
What! shall reviving thralldom again be  
The patch'd-up idol of enlighten'd days?  
Shall we, who struck the Lion down, shall we  
Pay the Wolf homage? proffering lowly gaze  
And servile knees to thrones? No; *prove*  
before ye praise!

<sup>1</sup> "In pride of place" is a term of falconry, and means the highest pitch of flight. See *Macbeth*, etc.

## XX.

If not, o'er one fall'n despot boast no more !  
In vain fair cheeks were furrow'd with hot tears  
For Europe's flowers long rooted up before  
The trampler of her vineyards ; in vain years  
Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears,  
Have all been borne, and broken by the accord  
Of roused-up millions : all that most endears  
Glory, is when the myrtle wreathes a sword  
Such as Harmodius drew on Athens' tyrant lord.

## XXI.

There was a sound of revelry by night,  
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then  
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave  
men ;  
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage bell ;  
But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a ris-  
ing knell !

## XXII.

Did ye not hear it ? — No ; 'twas but the wind,  
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;  
On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;



No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure  
meet  
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet.  
But hark !— that heavy sound breaks in once  
more,  
As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;  
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !  
Arm ! arm ! it is — it is — the cannon's opening  
roar !

XXIII.

Within a window'd niche of that high hall  
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did hear  
That sound, the first amidst the festival,  
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear ;  
And when they smiled because he deem'd it  
near,  
His heart more truly knew that peal too well  
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,  
And roused the vengeance blood alone could  
quell :  
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting,  
fell.

XXIV.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago  
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness ;

And there were sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts, and choking  
sighs  
Which ne'er might be repeated : who would  
guess  
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could  
rise !

## XXV.

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,  
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,  
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;  
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar :  
And near, the beat of the alarming drum  
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star :  
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,  
Or whispering, with white lips — “ The foe !  
They come ! they come ! ”

## XXVI.

And wild and high the “ Camerons' gather-  
ing ” rose,  
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills  
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon  
foes :

How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills  
Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which  
fills

Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers  
With the fierce native daring which instils  
The stirring memory of a thousand years,  
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clans-  
man's ears !<sup>1</sup>

XXVII.

And Ardennes waves above them her green  
leaves,  
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,  
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
Over the unreturning brave, — alas !  
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass  
Which now beneath them, but above shall  
grow  
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass  
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,  
And burning with high hope, shall moulder  
cold and low.

XXVIII.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,

<sup>1</sup> Sir Evan Cameron, and his descendant Donald, the "gentle Lochiel" of the "forty-five."

32 *CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.*

The midnight brought the signal-sound of  
    strife,  
The morn the marshalling in arms, — the day,  
Battle's magnificently stern array!  
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when  
    rent  
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,  
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and  
    pent,  
Rider and horse, — friend, foe, — in one red  
    burial blent!

XXIX.

Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps than  
    mine;  
Yet one I would select from the proud throng,  
Partly because they blend me with his line,  
And partly that I did his sire some wrong,  
And partly that bright names will hallow  
    song;  
And his was of the bravest, and when shower'd  
The death-bolts deadliest the thinn'd files  
    along,  
Even where the thickest of war's tempest  
    lower'd,  
They reached no nobler breast than thine,  
    young, gallant Howard!

XXX.

There have been tears and breaking hearts for  
thee,  
And mine were nothing, had I such to give ;  
But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,  
Which living waves where thou didst cease to  
live,  
And saw around me the wide field revive  
With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring  
Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,  
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,  
I turn'd from all she brought to those she could  
not bring.

XXXI.

I turn'd to thee, to thousands, of whom each  
And one as all a ghastly gap did make  
In his own kind and kindred, whom to teach  
Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake ;  
The Archangel's trump, not glory's, must  
awake  
Those whom they thirst for ; though the sound  
of Fame  
May for a moment soothe, it cannot slake  
The fever of vain longing, and the name  
So honor'd, but assumes a stronger, bitterer  
claim.

## XXXII.

They mourn, but smile at length ; and, smiling, mourn :  
The tree will wither long before it fall ;  
The hull drives on, though mast and sail be torn ;  
The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the hall  
In massy hoariness ; the ruin'd wall  
Stands when its wind-worn battlements are gone ;  
The bars survive the captive they enthrall ;  
The day drags through though storms keep out the sun ;  
And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on :

## XXXIII.

Even as a broken mirror, which the glass  
In every fragment multiplies ; and makes  
A thousand images of one that was,  
The same, and still the more, the more it breaks ;  
And thus the heart will do which not forsakes,  
Living in shatter'd guise, and still, and cold,  
And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow aches,  
Yet withers on till all without is old,  
Showing no visible sign, for such things are untold.

XXXIV.

There is a very life in our despair,  
Vitality of poison, — a quick root  
Which feeds these deadly branches ; for it  
    were  
As nothing did we die ; but life will suit  
Itself to Sorrow's most detested fruit,  
Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's shore,  
All ashes to the taste : Did man compute  
Existence by enjoyment, and count o'er  
Such hours 'gainst years of life, — say, would  
    he name threescore ?

XXXV.

The Psalmist number'd out the years of man :  
They are enough : and if thy tale be *true*,  
Thou, who didst grudge him even that fleet-  
    ing span,  
More than enough, thou fatal Waterloo !  
Millions of tongues record thee, and anew  
Their children's lips shall echo them, and say,  
“ Here, where the sword united nations drew,  
Our countrymen were warring on that day ! ”  
And this is much, and all which will not pass  
    away.

## XXXVI.

There sunk the greatest, nor the worst of men,  
Whose spirit antithetically mixt  
One moment of the mightiest, and again  
On little objects with like firmness fixt ;  
Extreme in all things ! hadst thou been be-  
twixt,  
Thy throne had still been thine, or never  
been ;  
For daring made thy rise as fall : thou seek'st  
Even now to reassume the imperial mien,  
And shake again the world, the Thunderer of the  
scene !

## XXXVII.

Conqueror and captive of the earth art thou !  
She trembles at thee still, and thy wild name  
Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds than  
now  
That thou art nothing, save the jest of Fame,  
Who woo'd thee once, thy vassal, and became  
The flatterer of thy fierceness, till thou wert  
A god unto thyself ; nor less the same  
To the astounded kingdoms all inert,  
Who deem'd thee for a time whate'er thou didst  
assert.



XXXVIII.

Oh, more or less than man — in high or low,  
Battling with nations, flying from the field ;  
Now making monarchs' necks thy footstool,  
    now  
More than thy meanest soldier taught to yield :  
An empire thou couldst crush, command,  
    rebuild,  
But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor,  
However deeply in men's spirits skill'd,  
Look through thine own, nor curb the lust of  
    war,  
Nor learn that tempted Fate will leave the lofti-  
    est star.

XXXIX.

Yet well thy soul hath brook'd the turning  
    tide  
With that untaught innate philosophy,  
Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep pride,  
Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.  
When the whole host of hatred stood hard by,  
To watch and mock the shrinking, thou hast  
    smiled  
With a sedate and all-enduring eye ;  
When Fortune fled her spoil'd and favorite  
    child,  
He stood unbow'd beneath the ills upon him  
    piled.

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XL.

Sager than in thy fortunes ; for in them  
Ambition steel'd thee on too far to show  
That just habitual scorn, which could contemn  
Men and their thoughts ; 'twas wise to feel,  
not so  
To wear it ever on thy lip and brow,  
And spurn the instruments thou wert to use  
Till they were turn'd unto thine overthrow :  
'Tis but a worthless world to win or lose ;  
So hath it proved to thee, and all such lot who  
choose

XLI.

If, like a tower upon a headland rock,  
Thou hadst been made to stand or fall alone,  
Such scorn of man had help'd to brave the  
shock ;  
But men's thoughts were the steps which paved  
thy throne,  
*Their* admiration thy best weapon shone ;  
The part of Philip's son was thine, not then  
(Unless aside thy purple had been thrown)  
Like stern Diogenes to mock at men ;  
For sceptred cynics earth were far too wide a  
den.

XLII.

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,  
And *there* hath been thy bane ; there is a fire

And motion of the soul, which will not dwell  
In its own narrow being, but aspire  
Beyond the fitting medium of desire ;  
And, but once kindled, quenchless evermore,  
Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire  
Of aught but rest ; a fever at the core,  
Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore.

XLIII.

This makes the madmen who have made men  
mad  
By their contagion ! Conquerors and Kings,  
Founders of sects and systems, to whom add  
Sophists, Bards, Statesmen, all unquiet things  
Which stir too strongly the soul's secret  
springs,  
And are themselves the fools to those they  
fool ;  
Envied, yet how unenviable ! what stings  
Are theirs ! One breast laid open where a  
school  
Which would unteach mankind the lust to shine  
or rule :

XLIV.

Their breath is agitation, and their life  
A storm whereon they ride, to sink at last,  
And yet so nursed and bigoted to strife,  
That should their days, surviving perils past,

Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast  
 With sorrow and supineness, and so die ;  
 Even as a flame unfed, which runs to waste  
 With its own flickering, or a sword laid by,  
 Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously.

## XLV.

He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find  
 The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and  
     snow ;  
 He who surpasses or subdues mankind,  
 Must look down on the hate of those below.  
 Though high *above* the sun of glory glow,  
 And far *beneath* the earth and ocean spread,  
*Round* him are icy rocks, and loudly blow  
 Contending tempests on his naked head,  
 And thus reward the toils which to those sum-  
     mits led.

## XLVI.

Away with these ! true Wisdom's world will  
     be  
 Within its own creation, or in thine,  
 Maternal Nature ! for who teems like thee,  
 Thus on the banks of thy majestic Rhine ?  
 There Harold gazes on a work divine,  
 A blending of all beauties ; streams and dells,  
 Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, corn-field, moun-  
     tain, vine,

And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells  
From gray but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly  
dwells.

XLVII.

And there they stand, as stands a lofty mind,  
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,  
All tenantless, save to the crannying wind,  
Or holding dark communion with the cloud.  
There was a day when they were young and  
proud,  
Banners on high, and battles pass'd below ;  
But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,  
And those which waved are shredless dust ere  
now,  
And the bleak battlements shall bear no future  
blow.

XLVIII.

Beneath these battlements, within those walls,  
Power dwelt amidst her passions ; in proud  
state  
Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,  
Doing his evil will, nor less elate  
Than mightier heroes of a longer date.  
What want these outlaws conquerors should  
have<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "What wants that knave that a king should have?" was King James's question on meeting Johnny Armstrong and his followers in full accoutrements. See the Ballad.

But History's purchased page to call them  
great?

A wilder space, an ornamented grave?  
Their hopes were not less warm, their souls were  
full as brave.

## XLIX.

In their baronial feuds and single fields,  
What deeds of prowess unrecorded died!  
And Love, which lent a blazon to their shields,  
With emblems well devised by amorous pride,  
Through all the mail of iron hearts would  
glide;  
But still their flame was fierceness, and drew on  
Keen contest and destruction near allied,  
And many a tower for some fair mischief won,  
Saw the discolor'd Rhine beneath its ruin run.

## L.

But Thou, exulting and abounding river!  
Making thy waves a blessing as they flow  
Through banks whose beauty would endure  
for ever,  
Could man but leave thy bright creation so,  
Nor its fair promise from the surface mow  
With the sharp scythe of conflict, — then to see  
Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know

Earth paved like Heaven ; and to seem such  
to me  
Even now what wants thy stream ? — that it  
should Lethe be.

LI.

A thousand battles have assail'd thy banks,  
But these and half their fame have pass'd away,  
And Slaughter heap'd on high his weltering  
ranks :  
Their very graves are gone, and what are they ?  
Thy tide wash'd down the blood of yesterday,  
And all was stainless, and on thy clear stream  
Glass'd with its dancing light the sunny ray ;  
But o'er the blacken'd memory's blighting  
dream  
Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweeping as they  
seem.

LII.

Thus Harold inly said, and pass'd along,  
Yet not insensible to all which here  
Awoke the jocund birds to early song  
In glens which might have made even exile  
dear :  
Though on his brow were graven lines austere,  
And tranquil sternness which had ta'en the  
place  
Of feelings fierer far but less severe,

Joy was not always absent from his face ;  
 But o'er it in such scenes would steal with tran-  
 sient trace.

## LIII.

Nor was all love shut from him, though his  
 days  
 Of passion had consumed themselves to dust.  
 It is in vain that we could coldly gaze  
 On such a smile upon us ; the heart must  
 Leap kindly back to kindness, though disgust  
 Hath wean'd it from all worldlings : thus he  
 felt,  
 For there was soft remembrance, and sweet  
 trust  
 In one fond breast, to which his own would  
 melt,  
 And in its tenderer hour on that his bosom dwelt.

## LIV.

And he had learn'd to love, — I know not why,  
 For this in such as him seems strange of  
 mood, —  
 The helpless looks of blooming infancy,  
 Even in its earliest nurture ; what subdued,  
 To change like this, a mind so far imbued  
 With scorn of man, it little boots to know ;  
 But thus it was ; and though in solitude



Small power the nipp'd affections have to grow,  
In him this glow'd when all beside had ceased  
to glow.

LV.

And there was one soft breast, as hath been  
said,  
Which unto his was bound by stronger ties  
Than the church links withal; and, though  
unwed,  
*That* love was pure, and, far above disguise,  
Had stood the test of mortal enmities  
Still undivided, and cemented more  
By peril, dreaded most in female eyes;  
But this was firm, and from a foreign shore  
Well to that heart might his these absent greet-  
ings pour?

The castled crag of Drachenfels  
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,  
Whose breast of waters broadly swells  
Between the banks which bear the vine,  
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,  
And fields which promise corn and wine,  
And scatter'd cities crowning these,  
Whose far white walls along them shine,  
Have strew'd a scene, which I should see  
With double joy wert *thou* with me!

And peasant girls, with deep-blue eyes,  
And hands which offer early flowers,  
Walk smiling o'er this paradise ;  
Above, the frequent feudal towers  
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,  
And many a rock which steeply lours,  
And noble arch in proud decay,  
Look o'er this vale of vintage bowers ;  
But one thing want these banks of Rhine, —  
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine !

I send the lilies given to me ;  
Though long before thy hand they touch,  
I know that they must wither'd be,  
But yet reject them not as such ;  
For I have cherish'd them as dear,  
Because they yet may meet thine eye,  
And guide thy soul to mine even here,  
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,  
And know'st them gather'd by the Rhine,  
And offer'd from my heart to thine !

The river nobly foams and flows,  
The charm of this enchanted ground,  
And all its thousand turns disclose  
Some fresher beauty varying round ;  
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound  
Through life to dwell delighted here ;

Nor could on earth a spot be found  
To nature and to me so dear,  
Could thy dear eyes in following mine  
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine !

LVI.

By Coblentz, on a rise of gentle ground,  
There is a small and simple pyramid,  
Crowning the summit of the verdant mound ;  
Beneath its base are heroes' ashes hid,  
Our enemy's, — but let not that forbid  
Honor to Marceau ! o'er whose early tomb  
Tears, big tears, gush'd from the rough  
soldier's lid,  
Lamenting and yet envying such a doom,  
Falling for France, whose rights he battled to  
resume.

LVII.

Brief, brave, and glorious was his young  
career, —  
His mourners were two hosts, his friends and  
foes ;  
And fitly may the stranger lingering here  
Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose ;  
For he was Freedom's champion, one of those,  
The few in number, who had not o'erstept  
The charter to chastise which she bestows

On such as wield her weapons ; he had kept  
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er  
him wept.

## LVIII.

Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shatter'd wall  
Black with the miner's blast, upon her height  
Yet shows of what she was, when shell and  
ball  
Rebounding idly on her strength did light ;  
A tower of victory ! from whence the flight  
Of baffl'd foes was watched along the plain :  
But Peace destroy'd what War could never  
blight,  
And laid those proud roofs bare to Summer's  
rain —  
On which the iron shower for years had pour'd  
in vain.

## LIX.

Adieu to thee, fair Rhine ! How long, delighted,  
The stranger fain would linger on his way !  
Thine is a scene alike where souls united  
Or lonely Contemplation thus might stray ;  
And could the ceaseless vultures cease to prey  
On self-condemning bosoms, it were here,  
Where Nature, nor too sombre nor too gay,

<sup>1</sup> General Marceau, killed by a rifle-ball at Alterkirchen on the last day of the fourth year of the French Republic.

Wild but not rude, awful but not austere,  
Is to the mellow Earth as Autumn to the year.

LX.

Adieu to thee again ! a vain adieu !  
There can be no farewell to scene like thine ;  
The mind is colored by thy every hue ;  
And if reluctantly the eyes resign  
Their cherish'd gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine,  
'Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise ;  
More mighty spots may rise — more glaring  
shine,  
But none unite in one attaching maze  
The brilliant, fair, and soft ;— the glories of old  
days.

LXI.

The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom  
Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,  
The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,  
The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between,  
The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets  
been  
In mockery of man's art ; and these withal  
A race of faces happy as the scene,  
Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,  
Still springing o'er thy banks, though Empires  
near them fall.

## LXII.

But these recede. Above me are the Alps,  
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls  
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,  
And throned Eternity in icy halls  
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls  
The avalanche — the thunderbolt of snow !  
All that expands the spirit, yet appalls,  
Gather around these summits, as to show  
How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave  
vain man below.

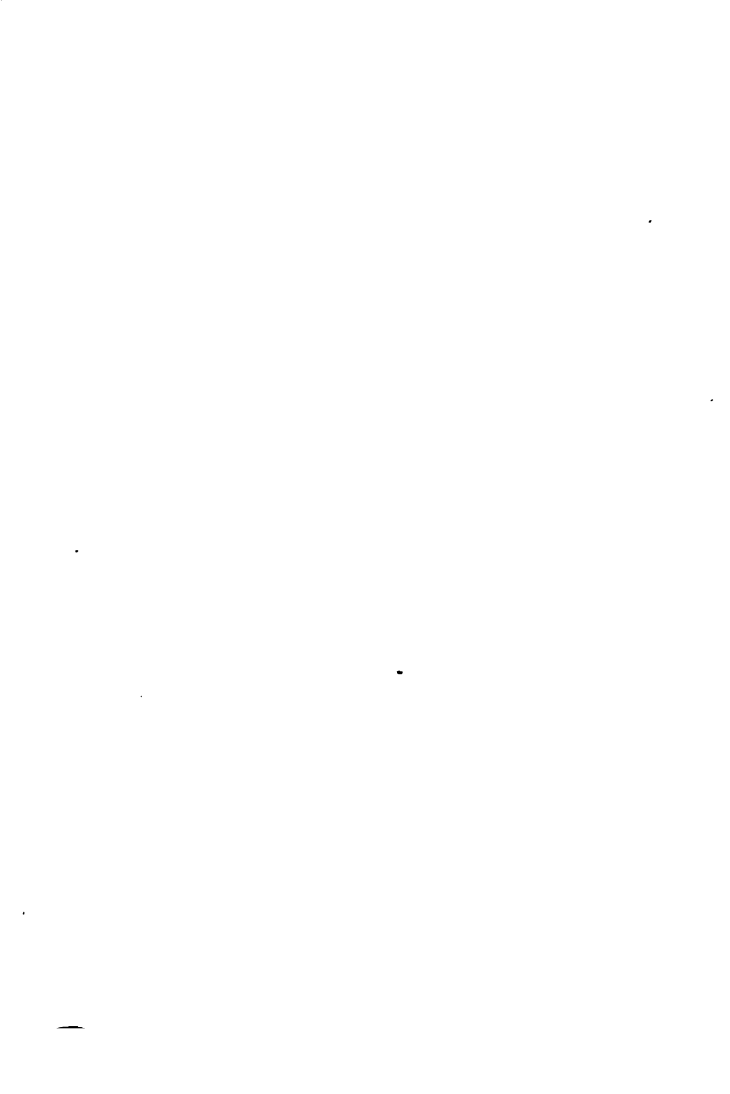
## LXIII.

But ere these matchless heights I dare to scan,  
There is a spot should not be pass'd in vain,—  
Morat ! the proud, the patriot field ! where man  
May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,  
Nor blush for those who conquered on that  
plain ;  
Here Burgundy bequeath'd his tombless host,  
A bony heap, through ages to remain,  
Themselves their monument ;— the Stygian  
coast  
Unsepulchred they roam'd, and shriek'd each  
wandering ghost.

## LXIV.

While Waterloo with Cannæ's carnage vies,  
Morat and Marathon twin names shall stand ;







They were true Glory's stainless victories,  
Won by the unambitious heart and hand  
Of a proud, brotherly, and civic band,  
All unbought champions in no princely cause  
Of vice-entail'd Corruption; they no land  
Doom'd to bewail the blasphemy of laws  
Making king's rights divine, by some Draconic  
clause.

LXV.

By a lone wall a lonelier column rears  
A gray and grief-worn aspect of old days,  
'Tis the last remnant of the wreck of years,  
And looks as with the wild bewilder'd gaze  
Of one to stone converted by amaze,  
Yet still with consciousness; and there it  
stands,  
Making a marvel that it not decays,  
When the coeval pride of human hands,  
Levell'd Aventicum, hath strew'd her subject  
lands.<sup>1</sup>

LXVI.

And there — oh! sweet and sacred be the  
name! —  
Julia — the daughter, the devoted — gave

Aventicum, near Morat, was the Roman capital of Helvetia,  
where Avenches now stands.

Her youth to Heaven: her heart, beneath a  
claim

Nearest to Heaven's, broke o'er a father's  
grave.

Justice is sworn 'gainst tears, and hers would  
crave

The life she lived in: but the judge was just,  
And then she died on him she could not save.

Their tomb was simple, and without a bust,  
And held within their urn one mind, one heart,  
one dust.<sup>1</sup>

## LXVII.

But these are deeds which should not pass  
away,

And names that must not wither, though the  
earth

Forgets her empires with a just decay,  
The enslavers and the enslaved, their death  
and birth;

The high, the mountain-majesty of worth  
Should be, and shall, survivor of its woe,  
And from its immortality look forth

In the sun's face, like yonder Alpine snow,  
Imperishably pure beyond all things below.

<sup>1</sup> Julia Alpina, a young Aventian priestess, died soon after a vain endeavor to save her father, condemned to death as a traitor by Aulus Cæcina.

LXVIII.

Lake Lemman woos me with its crystal face,  
The mirror where the stars and mountains  
view  
The stillness of their aspect in each trace  
Its clear depth yields of their far height and  
hue :  
There is too much of man here, to look through  
With a fit mind the might which I behold ;  
But soon in me shall Loneliness renew  
Thoughts hid, but not less cherish'd than of  
old,  
Ere mingling with the herd had penn'd me in  
their fold.

LXIX.

To fly from, need not be to hate, mankind :  
All are not fit with them to stir and toil,  
Nor is it discontent to keep the mind  
Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil  
In one hot throng, where we become the  
spoil  
Of our infection, till too late and long  
We may deplore and struggle with the coil,  
In wretched interchange of wrong for wrong  
Midst a contentious world, striving where none  
are strong.

## LXX.

There, in a moment, we may plunge our years  
In fatal penitence, and in the blight  
Of our own soul, turn all our blood to tears,  
And color things to come with hues of Night.  
The race of life becomes a hopeless flight  
To those that walk in darkness : on the sea,  
The boldest steer but where their ports invite,  
But there are wanderers o'er Eternity  
Whose bark drives on and on, and anchor'd  
ne'er shall be.

## LXXI.

Is it not better, then, to be alone,  
And love Earth only for its earthly sake?  
By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,  
Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake,  
Which feeds it as a mother who doth make  
A fair but froward infant her own care,  
Kissing its cries away as these awake ; —  
Is it not better thus our lives to wear,  
Than join the crushing crowd, doom'd to inflict  
or bear ?

## LXXII.

I live not in myself, but I become  
Portion of that around me ; and to me,

High mountains are a feeling, but the hum  
Of human cities torture : I can see  
Nothing to loathe in nature, save to be  
A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,  
Class'd among creatures, when the soul can  
    flee :  
And with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain  
Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in vain.

LXXIII.

And thus I am absorb'd, and this is life :  
I look upon the peopled desert past,  
As on a place of agony and strife,  
Where, for some sin, to Sorrow I was cast,  
To act and suffer, but remount at last  
With a fresh pinion ; which I felt to spring,  
Though young, yet waxing vigorous as the  
    blast  
Which it would cope with, on delighted wing,  
Spurning the clay-cold bonds which round our  
    being cling.

LXXIV.

And when, at length, the mind shall be all free  
From what it hates in this degraded form,  
Reft of its carnal life, save what shall be  
Existent happier in the fly and worm,—

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When elements to elements conform,  
And dust is as it should be, shall I not  
Feel all I see, less dazzling, but more warm?  
The bodiless thought? the Spirit of each spot?  
Of which, even now, I share at times the im-  
mortal lot?

LXXV.

✓ Are not the mountains, waves, and skies a  
part  
Of me and of my soul, as I of them?  
Is not the love of these deep in my heart  
With a pure passion? should I not condemn  
All objects, if compared with these? and stem  
A tide of suffering, rather than forego  
Such feelings for the hard and worldly phlegm  
Of those whose eyes are only turned below,  
Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which  
dare not glow?

LXXVI.

But this is not my theme; and I return  
To that which is immediate, and require  
Those who find contemplation in the urn,  
To look on One, whose dust was once all fire,  
A native of the land where I respire  
The clear air for awhile — a passing guest,  
Where he became a being, — whose desire

Was to be glorious: 'twas a foolish quest,  
The which to gain and keep he sacrificed all  
rest.

LXXVII.

Here the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,  
The apostle of affliction, he who threw  
Enchantment over passion, and from woe  
Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew  
The breath which made him wretched; yet he  
knew  
How to make madness beautiful, and cast  
O'er erring deeds and thoughts, a heavenly hue  
Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as they past  
The eyes, which o'er them shed tears feelingly  
and fast.

LXXVIII.

His love was passion's essence — as a tree  
On fire by lightning; with ethereal flame  
Kindled he was, and blasted; for to be  
Thus, and enamour'd, were in him the same.  
But his was not the love of living dame,  
Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams,  
But of Ideal beauty, which became  
In him existence, and o'erflowing teems  
Along his burning page, distemper'd though it  
seems.

## LXXIX.

*This* breath'd itself to life in Julie, *this*  
 Invested her with all that's wild and sweet ;  
 This hallow'd, too, the memorable kiss  
 Which every morn his fever'd lip would greet,  
 From hers, who but with friendship his would  
     meet :  
 But to that gentle touch, through brain and  
     breast  
 Flash'd the thrill'd spirit's love-devouring heat ;  
 In that absorbing sigh perchance more blest,  
 Than vulgar minds may be with all they seek  
     possest.

## LXXX.

His life was one long war with self-sought foes,  
 Or friends by him self-banish'd ; for his mind  
 Had grown Suspicion's sanctuary, and chose  
 For its own cruel sacrifice, the kind,  
 'Gainst whom he raged with fury strange and  
     blind,  
 But he was frenzied, — wherefore, who may  
     know ?  
 Since cause might be which skill could never  
     find ;  
 But he was frenzied by disease or woe  
 To that worst pitch of all, which wears a reason-  
     ing show.



LXXXI.

For then he was inspired, and from him came,  
As from the Pythian's mystic cave of yore,  
Those oracles which set the world in flame,  
Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were no  
more :

Did he not this for France, which lay before  
Bow'd to the inborn tyranny of years?  
Broken and trembling to the yoke she bore,  
Till by the voice of him and his compeers  
Roused up to too much wrath, which follows  
o'ergrown fears?

LXXXII.

They made themselves a fearful monument!  
The wreck of old opinions — things which  
grew,  
Breathed from the birth of time: the veil they  
rent,  
And what behind it lay, all earth shall view.  
But good with ill they also overthrew,  
Leaving but ruins, wherewith to rebuild  
Upon the same foundation, and renew  
Dungeons and thrones, which the same hour  
refill'd,  
As heretofore, because ambition was self-will'd.

## LXXXIII.

But this will not endure, nor be endur'd !  
Mankind have felt their strength, and made it  
felt.

They might have used it better, but, allured  
By their new vigor, sternly have they dealt  
On one another ; pity ceased to melt  
With her once natural charities. But they,  
Who in oppression's darkness caved had dwelt,  
They were not eagles, nourish'd with the day :  
What marvel then, at times, if they mistook their  
prey?

## LXXXIV.

What deep wounds ever closed without a scar?  
The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to wear  
That which disfigures it ; and they who war  
With their own hopes, and have been van-  
quish'd, bear  
Silence, but not submission : in his lair  
Fix'd Passion holds his breath, until the hour  
Which shall atone for years ; none need despair :  
It came, it cometh, and will come,— the power  
To punish or forgive — in *one* we shall be slower.

## LXXXV.

Clear, placid Leman ! thy contrasted lake,  
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing

Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake  
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.  
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing  
To waft me from distraction ; once I loved  
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring  
Sounds sweet as if a Sister's voice reproved  
That I with stern delights should e'er have been  
so moved.

LXXXVI.

It is the hush of night, and all between  
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,  
Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,  
Save darken'd Jura, whose cap't heights appear  
Precipitously steep ; and drawing near,  
There breathes a living fragrance from the  
shore,  
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood ; on the ear  
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,  
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol  
more ;

LXXXVII.

He is an evening reveller, who makes  
His life an infancy, and sings his fill ;  
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes  
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.

There seems a floating whisper on the hill,  
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews  
All silently their tears of love instil,  
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse  
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

## LXXXVIII.

Ye stars ! which are the poetry of heaven,  
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate  
Of men and empires, — 'tis to be forgiven,  
That in our aspirations to be great,  
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,  
And claim a kindred with you ; for ye are  
A beauty and a mystery, and create  
In us such love and reverence from afar,  
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named  
          themselves a star.

## LXXXIX.

All heaven and earth are still — though not in  
          sleep,  
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most ;  
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep : —  
All heaven and earth are still : From the high  
          host  
Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain-coast,  
All is concenter'd in a life intense,  
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,

But hath a part of being, and a sense  
Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

XC.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt  
In solitude, where we are *least* alone;  
A truth, which through our being then doth  
    melt,  
And purifies from self: it is a tone,  
The soul and source of music, which makes  
    known  
Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm,  
Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,  
Binding all things with beauty; — 'twould  
    disarm  
The spectre Death, had he substantial power to  
    harm.

XCI.

Not vainly did the early Persian make  
His altar the high places and the peak  
Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, and thus take  
A fit and unwall'd temple, there to seek  
The Spirit, in whose honor shrines are weak,  
Uprear'd of human hands. Come, and com-  
    pare  
Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,

With nature's realms of worship, earth and air,  
Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe your  
prayer!

## XCII.

The sky is changed! — and such a change! O  
night,  
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous  
strong,  
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light  
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,  
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among  
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone  
cloud,  
But every mountain now hath found a tongue;  
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,  
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

## XCIII.

And this is in the night: — Most glorious  
night!  
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be  
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight —  
A portion of the tempest and of thee!  
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,  
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!  
And now again 't is black, — and now, the glee  
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth  
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's  
birth.

XCIV.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way  
    between  
Heights which appear as lovers who have  
    parted  
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,  
That they can meet no more, though broken-  
    hearted !  
Though in their souls, which thus each other  
    thwarted,  
Love was the very root of the fond rage  
Which blighted their life's bloom, and then  
    departed :  
Itself expired, but leaving them an age  
Of years all winters — war within themselves to  
    wage.

XCV.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft  
    his way,  
The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en' his  
    stand :  
For here, not one, but many, make their play,  
And fling their thunderbolts from hand to  
    hand,  
Flashing and cast around : of all the band,

The brightest through these parted hills hath  
     fork'd  
 His lightnings, as if he did understand  
 That in such gaps as desolation work'd,  
 There the hot shaft should blast whatever  
     therein lurk'd.

## XCVI.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings !  
     ye,  
 With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a  
     soul  
 To make these felt and feeling, well may be  
 Things that have made me watchful ; the far  
     roll  
 Of your departing voices, is the knoll  
 Of what in me is sleepless, — if I rest.  
 But where of ye, O tempests ! is the goal ?  
 Are ye like those within the human breast ?  
 Or do ye find at length, like eagles, some high  
     nest ?

## XCVII.

Could I embody and unbosom now  
 That which is most within me, — could I wreak  
 My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw  
 Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong  
     or weak,



All that I would have sought, and all I seek,  
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe — into one  
word,  
And that one word were Lightning, I would  
speak ;  
But as it is, I live and die unheard,  
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as  
a sword.

XCVIII.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn  
With breath all incense, and with cheek all  
bloom,  
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,  
And living as if earth contain'd no tomb —  
And glowing into day: we may resume  
The march of our existence: and thus I,  
Still on thy shores, fair Leman, may find room  
And food for meditation, nor pass by  
Much, that may give us pause, if pondered fit-  
tingly.

XCIX.

Clarens! sweet Clarens! birthplace of deep  
Love!  
Thine air is the young breath of passionate  
thought;  
Thy trees take root in love; the snows above  
The very Glaciers have his colors caught,

And sunset into rose-hues sees them wrought  
 By rays which sleep ~~there~~ lovingly : the rocks,  
 The permanent crags, tell ~~here~~ of Love, who  
     sought  
 In them a refuge from the worldly shocks  
 Which stir and sting the soul with hope that  
     woos, then mocks.

## C.

Clarens ! by heavenly feet thy paths are trod, —  
 Undying Love's, who here ascends a throne  
 To which the steps are mountains ; where the  
     god  
 Is a pervading life and light, — so shown  
 Not on those summits solely, nor alone  
 In the still cave and forest ; o'er the flower  
 His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath blown,  
 His soft and summer 'breath, whose tender  
     power  
 Passes the strength of storms in their most des-  
     olate hour.

## CI.

All things are here of *him* ; from the black  
     pines,  
 Which are his shade on high, and the loud roar  
 Of torrents, where he listeneth, to the vines  
 Which slope his green path downward to the  
     shore,

Where the bow'd waters meet him, and adore,  
Kissing his feet with murmurs ; and the wood,  
The covert of old trees, with trunks all hoar,  
But light leaves, young as joy, stands where it  
stood,  
Offering to him, and his, a populous solitude.

CII.

A populous solitude of bees and birds,  
And fairy-form'd and many-color'd things,  
Who worship him with notes more sweet than  
words,  
And innocently open their glad wings,  
Fearless and full of life : the gush of springs,  
And fall of lofty fountains, and the bend  
Of stirring branches, and the bud which brings  
The swiftest thought of beauty, here extend,  
Mingling, and made by Love, unto one mighty  
end.

CIII.

He who hath loved not, here would learn that  
lore,  
And make his heart a spirit : he who knows  
That tender mystery, will love the more,  
For this is Love's recess, where vain men's  
woes,

And the world's waste, have driven him far  
from those.

For 'tis his nature to advance or die;  
He stands not still, but or decays, or grows  
Into a boundless blessing, which may vie  
With the immortal lights, in its eternity!

## CIV.

'T was not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,  
Peopling it with affections; but he found  
It was the scene which passion must allot  
To the mind's purified beings! 'twas the ground  
Where early Love his Psyche's zone unbound,  
And hallow'd it with loveliness: 'tis lone,  
And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound,  
And sense, and sight of sweetness; here the  
Rhone  
Hath spread himself, a couch, the Alps have  
rear'd a throne.

## CV.

Lausanne! and Ferney! ye have been the  
abodes  
Of pames which unto you bequeathed a name;  
Mortals, who sought and found, by dangerous  
roads,  
A path to perpetuity of fame:

<sup>1</sup> Voltaire and Gibbon.

They were gigantic minds, and their steep aim  
Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile  
Thoughts which should call down thunder, and  
the flame  
Of Heaven, again assail'd, if Heaven the while  
On man and man's research could deign do  
more than smile.

CVI.

The one was fire and fickleness, a child  
Most mutable in wishes, but in mind  
A wit as various, — gay, grave, sage, or wild, —  
Historian, bard, philosopher combined :  
He multiplied himself among mankind,  
The Proteus of their talents : But his own  
Breathed most in ridicule, — which, as the  
wind,  
Blew where it listed, laying all things prone, —  
Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake a  
throne.

CVII.

The other, deep and slow, exhausting thought,  
And hiving wisdom with each studious year,  
In meditation dwelt, with learning wrought,  
And shaped his weapon with an edge severe,

Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer ;  
 The lord of irony, — that master-spell,  
 Which stung his foes to wrath, which grew from  
 fear

And doom'd him to the zealot's ready hell,  
 Which answers to all doubts so eloquently well

## CVIII.

Yet, peace be with their ashes, — for by them,  
 If merited, the penalty is paid ;  
 It is not ours to judge, far less condemn ;  
 The hour must come when such things shall  
 be made

Known unto all, — or hope and dread allay'd  
 By slumber on one pillow, in the dust,  
 Which, thus much we are sure, must lie de-  
 cay'd ;

And when it shall revive, as is our trust,  
 'T will be forgiven, or suffer what is just.

## CIX.

But let me quit man's works, again to read  
 His Maker's spread around me, and suspend  
 This page, which from my reveries I feed,  
 Until it seems prolonging without end.  
 The clouds above me to the white Alps tend,  
 And I must pierce them, and survey whate'er  
 May be permitted, as my steps I bend

To their most great and growing region where  
The earth to her embrace compels the powers  
of air.

CX.

Italia! too, Italia! looking on thee  
Full ~~flashes~~ on the soul the light of ages,  
Since the fierce Carthaginian almost won thee,  
To the last halo of the chiefs and sages,  
Who glorify the consecrated pages;  
Thou wert the throne and grave of empires;  
still,  
The fount at which the panting mind assuages  
Her thirst of knowledge, quaffing there her fill,  
Flows from the eternal source of Rome's imperial hill

CXI.

Thus far have I proceeded in a theme  
Renew'd with no kind auspices: — to feel  
We are not what we have been, and to deem  
We are not what we should be, and to steel  
The heart against itself; and to conceal,  
With a proud caution, love, or hate, or  
aught, —  
Passion or feeling, purpose, grief, or zeal, —

Which is the tyrant spirit of our thought,  
Is a stern task of soul :— No matter, — it is  
taught.

## CXII.

And for these words, thus woven into song,  
It may be that they are a harmless wile, —  
The coloring of the scenes which fleet along  
Which I would seize, in passing, to beguile  
My breast, or that of others, for a while.  
Fame is the thirst of youth, — but I am not  
So young as to regard men's frown or smile  
As loss or guerdon of a glorious lot ;  
I stood and stand alone, — remember'd or for-  
got.

## CXIII.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me ;  
I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor bow'd  
To its idolatries a patient knee, —  
Nor coin'd my cheek to smiles, nor cried aloud  
In worship of an echo ; in the crowd  
They could not deem me one of such ; I stood  
Among them, but not of them ; in a shroud  
Of thoughts which were not their thoughts,  
and still could,  
Had I not filed<sup>1</sup> my mind, which thus itself  
subdued.

<sup>1</sup> " If it be thus,  
For Banquo's issue have I *filed* my mind."

*Macbeth.*



CXIV.

I have not loved the world, nor the world  
me, —  
But let us part fair foes ; I do believe,  
Though I have found them not, that there  
may be  
Words which are things, — hopes which will  
not deceive,  
And virtues which are merciful, nor weave  
Snares for the failing : I would also deem  
O'er other's griefs that some sincerely grieve ;  
That two, or one, are almost what they  
seem, —  
That goodness is no name, and happiness not  
dream.

CXV.

My daughter ! with thy name this song  
begun —  
My daughter ! with thy name thus much shall  
end —  
I see thee not, I hear thee not, — but none  
Can be so wrapt in thee ; thou art the friend  
To whom the shadows of far years extend :  
Albeit my brow thou never shouldst behold,  
My voice shall with thy future visions blend,

And reach into thy heart, when mine is  
cold, —  
A token and a tone, even from thy father's  
mould.

## CXVI.

To aid thy mind's development, — to watch  
Thy dawn of little joys, — to sit and see  
Almost thy very growth, — to view thee catch  
Knowledge of objects, wonders yet to thee!  
To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,  
And print on thy soft cheek a parent's kiss, —  
This, it should seem, was not reserved for  
me;  
Yet this was in my nature: — As it is,  
I know not what is there, yet something like  
to this.

## CXVII.

Yet, though dull Hate as duty should be  
taught,  
I know that thou wilt love me; though my  
name  
Should be shut from thee, as a spell still  
fraught  
With desolation, and a broken claim:  
Though the grave closed between us, — 'twere  
the same,

I know that thou wilt love me; though to  
drain  
*My* blood from out thy being were an aim,  
And an attainment, — all would be in vain, —  
Still thou wouldst love me, still that more than  
life retain.

CXVIII.

The child of love, — though born in bitter-  
ness,  
And nurtured in convulsion. Of thy sire  
These were the elements, and thine no less.  
As yet such are around thee; but thy fire  
Shall be more temper'd, and thy hope far  
higher.  
Sweet be thy cradle slumbers! O'er the sea,  
And from the mountains where I now respire,  
Fain would I waft such blessing upon thee,  
As, with a sigh, I deem thou might'st have  
been to me!

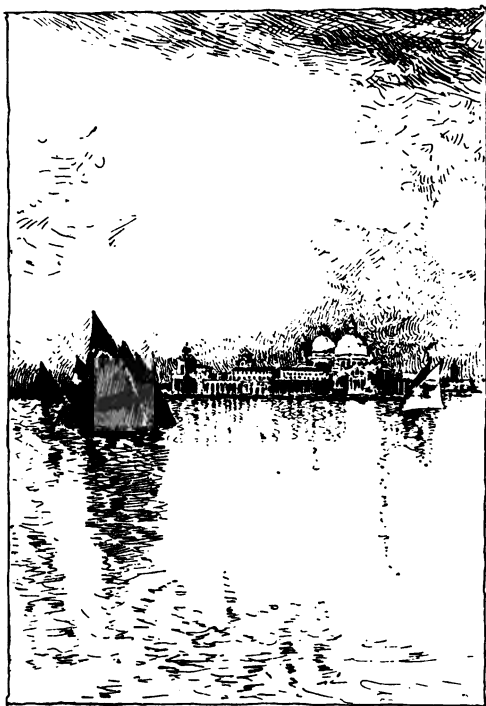
CANTO THE FOURTH (1818).

I.

I STOOD in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs ;  
 A palace and a prison on each hand ;  
 I saw from out the wave her structures rise  
 As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand :  
 A thousand years their cloudy wings expand  
 Around me, and a dying Glory smiles  
 O'er the far times when many a subject land  
 Looked to the wingèd Lion's marble piles,  
 Where Venice sate in state, throned on her  
 hundred isles !

II.

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,  
 Rising with her tiara of proud towers  
 At airy distance, with majestic motion,  
 A ruler of the waters and their powers :  
 And such she was ; her daughters had their  
 dowers  
 From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless  
 East  
 Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.





In purple was she robed, and of her feast  
Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity  
increased.

III.

In Venice, Tasso's echoes are no more,  
And silent rows the songless gondolier;  
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,  
And music meets not always now the ear:  
Those days are gone — but Beauty still is  
here.  
States fall, arts fade — but Nature doth not  
die,  
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,  
The pleasant place of all festivity,  
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

IV.

But unto us she hath a spell beyond  
Her name in story, and her long array  
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond  
Above the Dogeless city's vanish'd sway;  
Ours is a trophy which will not decay  
With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor,  
And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away —  
The keystones of the arch! though all were  
o'er,  
For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

## V.

The beings of the mind are not of clay;  
 Essentially immortal, they create  
 And multiply in us a brighter ray —  
 And more beloved existence: that which Fate  
 Prohibits to dull life, in this our state  
 Of mortal bondage, by these spirits supplied,  
 First exiles, then replaces what we hate;  
 Watering the heart whose early flowers have  
     died,  
 And with a fresher growth replenishing the  
 void.

Ship

## VI.

Such is the refuge of our youth and age,  
 The first from Hope, the last from Vacancy;  
 And this worn feeling peoples many a page,  
 And, may be, that which grows beneath mine  
     eye;  
 Yet there are things whose strong reality  
 Outshines our fairy-land; in shape and hues  
 More beautiful than our fantastic sky,  
 And the strange constellations which the Muse  
 O'er her wild universe is skilful to diffuse:

## VII.

I saw or dream'd of such, — but let them go —  
 They came like truth, and disappear'd like  
     dreams;



And whatsoe'er they were — are now but so ;  
I could replace them if I would : still teems  
My mind with many a form which aptly seems  
Such as I sought for, and at moments found ;  
Let these too go — for waking reason deems  
Such overweening phantasies unsound,  
And other voices speak, and other sights surround.

VIII.

I've taught me other tongues, and in strange  
eyes  
Have made me not a stranger ; to the mind  
Which is itself, no changes bring surprise ;  
Nor is it harsh to make, nor hard to find  
A country with — ay, or without mankind ;  
Yet was I born where men are proud to be,  
Not without cause ; and should I leave behind  
The inviolate island of the sage and free,  
And seek me out a home by a remoter sea,

IX.

Perhaps I loved it well : and should I lay  
My ashes in a soil which is not mine,  
My spirit shall resume it — if we may  
Unbodied choose a sanctuary. I twine  
My hopes of being remember'd in my line  
With my land's language : if too fond and far  
These aspirations in their scope incline, —

If my fame should be, as my fortunes are,  
Of hasty growth and blight, and dull Oblivion  
bar

## X.

My name from out the temple where the dead  
Are honor'd by the nations — let it be —  
And light the laurels on a loftier head !  
And be the Spartan's epitaph on me —  
“ Sparta hath many a worthier son than he.”<sup>1</sup>  
Meantime I seek no sympathies, nor need ;  
The thorns which I have reap'd are of the tree  
I planted, — they have torn me, and I bleed :  
I should have known what fruit would spring  
from such a seed.

## XI.

The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord ;  
And, annual marriage now no more renew'd,  
The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored,  
Neglected garment of her widowhood !  
St. Mark yet sees his lion where he stood  
Stand, but in mockery of his wither'd power,  
Over the proud Place where an Emperor sued,  
And monarchs gazed and envied in the hour  
When Venice was a queen with an unequal'd  
dower.

<sup>1</sup> The answer of the mother of Brasidas, the Lacedæmonian general, to the strangers who praised the memory of her son.

XII.

The Suabian sued, and now the Austrian  
reigns —

An Emperor tramples where an emperor knelt ;  
Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces, and chains  
Clank over sceptred cities ; nations melt  
From power's high pinnacle, when they have  
felt

The sunshine for a while, and downward go  
Like lauwine loosen'd from the mountain's  
belt :

Oh for one hour of blind old Dandolo !  
Th' octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering  
foe.

XIII.

Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass,  
Their gilded collars glittering in the sun ;  
But is not Doria's menace come to pass ?  
Are they not *bridled* ? — Venice, lost and won,  
Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done,  
Sinks, like a sea-weed into whence she rose !  
Better be whelm'd beneath the waves, and shun  
Even in Destruction's depth, her foreign foes,  
From whom submission wrings an infamous  
repose.

## XIV.

In youth she was all glory, — a new Tyre, —  
 Her very byword sprung from victory,  
 The "Planter of the Lion,"<sup>1</sup> which through fire  
 And blood she bore o'er subject earth and sea ;  
 Though making many slaves, herself still free,  
 And Europe's bulwark 'gainst the Ottomite :  
 Witness Troy's rival, Candia ! Vouch it, ye  
 Immortal waves that saw Lepanto's fight !  
 For ye are names no time nor tyranny can blight.

## XV

Statues of glass — all shiver'd — the long file  
 Of her dead Doges are declined to dust ;  
 But where they dwelt, the vast and sumptuous  
     pile  
 Bespeaks the pageant of their splendid trust ;  
 Their sceptre broken, and their sword in rust,  
 Have yielded to the stranger : empty halls,  
 Thin streets, and foreign aspects, such as must  
 Too oft remind her who and what enthralls,  
 Have flung a desolate cloud o'er Venice' lovely  
     walls.

to here.

## XVI.

When Athens' armies fell at Syracuse,  
 And fetter'd thousands bore the yoke of war,

<sup>1</sup> That is, the Lion of St. Mark, the standard of the republic.

Redemption rose up in the Attic Muse,<sup>1</sup>  
Her voice their only ransom from afar ;  
See ! as they chant the tragic hymn, the car  
Of the o'ermaster'd victor stops, the reins  
Fall from his hands — his idle scimitar  
Starts from its belt — he rends his captive's  
chains,  
He bids him thank the bard for freedom and  
his strains.

XVII.

Thus, Venice, if no stronger claim were thine,  
Were all thy proud historic deeds forgot,  
Thy choral memory of the Bard divine,  
Thy love of Tasso, should have cut the knot  
Which ties thee to thy tyrants ; and thy lot  
Is shameful to the nations, — most of all,  
Albion ! to thee : the Ocean Queen should not  
Abandon Ocean's children ; in the fall  
Of Venice think of thine, despite thy watery  
wall.

XVIII.

I loved her from my boyhood : she to me  
Was as a fairy city of the heart,  
Rising like water-columns from the sea,  
Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart ;

<sup>1</sup> The story is told in Plutarch's *Life of Nicias*.

And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakespeare's  
 art,<sup>1</sup>  
 Had stamp'd her image in me, and even so,  
 Although I found her thus, we did not part,  
 Perchance even dearer in her day of woe,  
 Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and a  
 show.

## XIX.

I can repeople with the past — and of  
 The present there is still for eye and thought,  
 And meditation chasten'd down, enough;  
 And more, it may be, than I hoped or sought;  
 And of the happiest moments which were  
 wrought  
 Within the web of my existence, some  
 From thee, fair Venice! have their colors  
 caught:  
 There are some feelings Time can not benumb,  
 Nor torture shake, or mine would now be cold  
 and dumb.

## XX.

But from their nature will the tannen grow<sup>2</sup>  
 Loftiest on loftiest and least shelter'd rocks,

*skip.*  
<sup>1</sup> *Venice Preserved; Mysteries of Udolpho; The Ghost-Seer, or Armenian; The Merchant of Venice; Othello.*

<sup>2</sup> *Tannen* is the plural of *tanne*, a species of fir peculiar to the Alps.

Rooted in barrenness, where nought below  
Of soil supports them 'gainst the Alpine shocks  
Of eddying storms ; yet springs the trunk, and  
mocks

The howling tempest, till its height and frame  
Are worthy of the mountains from whose  
blocks

Of bleak, gray granite, into life it came,  
**And grew a giant tree ;** — the mind may grow  
the same.

XXI.

Existence may be borne, and the deep root  
Of life and sufferance make its firm abode  
In bare and desolate bosoms : mute  
The camel labors with the heaviest load,  
And the wolf dies in silence. Not bestow'd  
In vain should such examples be ; if they,  
Things of ignoble or of savage mood,  
Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay  
May temper it to bear, — it is but for a day.

XXII.

All suffering doth destroy, or is destroy'd,  
Even by the sufferer ; and, in each event,  
Ends : — Some, with hope replenish'd and  
rebuoy'd,  
Return to whence they came — with like intent,

And weave their web again ; some, bow'd and  
bent,  
Wax gray and ghastly, withering ere their time,  
And perish with the reed on which they leant ;  
Some seek devotion, toil, war, good or crime,  
According as their souls were form'd to sink or  
climb.

## XXIII.

But ever and anon of griefs subdued  
There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,  
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued ;  
And slight withal may be the things which  
bring  
Back on the heart the weight which it would  
fling  
Aside for ever : it may be a sound —  
A tone of music — summer's eve — or spring —  
A flower — the wind — the ocean — which  
shall wound,  
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are  
darkly bound :

## XXIV.

And how and why we know not, nor can trace  
Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind,  
But feel the shock renew'd, nor can efface  
The blight and blackening which it leaves  
behind,



Which out of things familiar, undesign'd,  
When least we deem of such, calls up to view  
The spectres whom no exorcism can bind, —  
The cold — the changed — perchance the dead  
— anew,  
The mourn'd, the loved, the lost — too many!  
— yet how few!

XXV.

*where.*

But my soul wanders ; I demand it back  
To meditate amongst decay, and stand  
A ruin amidst ruins ; there to track  
Fallen states and buried greatness, o'er a land  
Which *was* the mightiest in its old command,  
And *is* the loveliest, and must ever be  
The master-mould of Nature's heavenly hand,  
Wherein were cast the heroic and the free,  
The beautiful, the brave — the lords of earth  
and sea.

XXVI.

The commonwealth of kings, the men of Rome,  
And even since, and now, fair Italy !  
Thou art the garden of the world, the home  
Of all Art yields, and Nature can decree ;  
Even in thy desert, what is like to thee ?  
Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste  
More rich than other climes' fertility ;

Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced  
With an immaculate charm which cannot be  
defaced.

## XXVII.

The moon is up, and yet it is not night —  
Sunset divides the sky with her — a sea  
Of glory streams along the Alpine height  
Of blue Friuli's mountains; Heaven is free  
From clouds, but of all colors seems to be —  
Melted to one vast Iris of the West,  
Where the Day joins the past Eternity;  
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest  
Floats through the azure air — an island of the  
blest!

## XXVIII.

A single star is at her side, and reigns  
With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still  
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains  
Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rhætian hill,  
As Day and Night contending were, until  
Nature reclaim'd her order: — gently flows  
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil  
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,  
Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd  
within it glows.

XXIX.

Fill'd with the face of heaven, which, from afar,  
Comes down upon the waters ; all its hues,  
From the rich sunset to the rising star,  
Their magical variety diffuse :  
And now they change ; a paler shadow strews  
Its mantle o'er the mountains ; parting day  
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues  
With a new color as it gasps away,  
The last still loveliest, till — 'tis gone — and all  
is gray.

XXX.

There is a tomb in Arqua ; — rear'd in air,  
Pillar'd in their sarcophagus, repose  
The bones of Laura's lover : here repair  
Many familiar with his well-sung woes,  
The pilgrims of his genius. He arose  
To raise a language, and his land reclaim  
From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes :  
Watering the tree which bears his lady's name  
With his melodious tears, he gave himself to  
fame.

XXXI.

They keep his dust in Arqua, where he died ;  
The mountain-village where his latter days

Went down the vale of years ; and 'tis their  
pride —  
An honest pride — and let it be their praise,  
To offer to the passing stranger's gaze  
His mansion and his sepulchre ; both plain  
And venerably simple, such as raise  
A feeling more accordant with his strain,  
Than if a pyramid form'd his monumental fame.

## XXXII.

And the soft quiet hamlet where he dwelt  
Is one of that complexion which seems made  
For those who their mortality have felt,  
And sought a refuge from their hopes decay'd  
In the deep umbrage of a green hill's shade,  
Which shows a distant prospect far away  
Of busy cities, now in vain display'd,  
For they can lure no further ; and the ray  
Of a bright sun can make sufficient holiday,

## XXXIII.

Developing the mountains, leaves, and flowers,  
And shining in the brawling brook, where-by,  
Clear as its current, glide the sauntering hours  
With a calm languor, which, though to the eye  
Idlesse it seem, hath its morality.  
If from society we learn to live,  
'Tis solitude should teach us how to die ;

It hath no flatterers ; vanity can give  
No hollow aid ; alone — man with his God  
must strive :

XXXIV.

Or, it may be, with demons, who impair  
The strength of better thoughts, and seek their  
prey  
In melancholy bosoms, such as were  
Of moody texture from their earliest day,  
And love to dwell in darkness and dismay,  
Deeming themselves predestined to a doom  
Which is not of the pangs that pass away ;  
Making the sun like blood, the earth a tomb,  
The tomb a hell, and hell itself a murkier gloom.

XXXV.

Ferrara ! in thy wide and grass-grown streets,  
Whose symmetry was not for solitude,  
There seems as 'twere a curse upon the seats  
Of former sovereigns, and the antique brood  
Of Este, which for many an age made good  
Its strength within thy walls, and was of yore  
Patron or tyrant, as the changing mood  
Of petty power impell'd, of those who wore  
The wreath which Dante's brow alone had  
worn before.

## XXXVI.

And Tasso is their glory and their shame.  
Hark to his strain ! and then survey his cell !  
And see how dearly earn'd Torquato's fame,  
And where Alfonso bade his poet dwell.  
The miserable despot could not quell  
The insulted mind he sought to quench, and  
blend  
With the surrounding maniacs, in the hell  
Where he had plunged it. Glory without end  
Scatter'd the clouds away — and on that name  
attend

## XXXVII.

The tears and praises of all time, while thine  
Would rot in its oblivion — in the sink  
Of worthless dust, which from thy boasted line  
Is shaken into nothing ; but the link  
Thou formest in his fortunes bids us think  
Of thy poor malice, naming thee with scorn —  
Alfonso ! how thy ducal pageants shrink  
From thee ! if in another station born,  
Scarce fit to be the slave of him thou mad'st to  
mourn :

## XXXVIII.

*Thou !* form'd to eat, and be despised, and die,  
Even as the beasts that perish, save that thou

Hadst a more splendid trough, and wider sty:  
*He!* with a glory round his furrow'd brow,  
Which emanated then, and dazzles now  
In face of all his foes, the Cruscan quire,  
And Boileau, whose rash envy could allow  
No strain which shamed his country's creaking  
lyre,  
That whetstone of the teeth — monotony in  
wire !

XXXIX.

Peace to Torquato's injured shade ! 'twas his  
In life and death to be the mark where Wrong  
Aim'd with her poison'd arrows — but to miss.  
Oh, victor unsurpass'd in modern song!  
Each year brings forth its millions ; but how  
long  
The tide of generations shall roll on,  
And not the whole combined and countless  
throng  
Compose a mind like thine ? Though all in one  
Condensed their scatter'd rays, they would not  
form a sun.

XL.

Great as thou art, yet parallel'd by those,  
Thy countrymen, before thee born to shine,  
The Bards of Hell and Chivalry: first rose  
The Tuscan father's comedy divine ;

Then, not unequal to the Florentine,  
The southern Scott, the minstrel who call'd  
    forth  
A new creation with his magic line,  
And, like the Ariosto of the North,  
Sang lady-love and war, romance and knightly  
    worth.

## XLI.

The lightning rent from Ariosto's bust  
The iron crown of laurel's mimick'd leaves ;  
Nor was the ominous element unjust,  
For the true laurel-wreath which Glory weaves  
Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves,  
And the false semblance but disgraced his  
    brow ;  
Yet still, if fondly Superstition grieves,  
Know that the lightning sanctifies below  
Whate'er it strikes ; — yon head is doubly sacred  
    now.

## XLII.

Italia ! O Italia ! thou who hast  
The fatal gift of beauty, which became  
A funeral dower of present woes and past,  
On thy sweet brow is sorrow ploughed by  
    shame,



And annals graved in characters of flame.  
O God ! that thou wert in thy nakedness  
Less lovely or more powerful, and couldst claim  
Thy right, and awe the robbers back, who  
    press  
To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of thy  
    distress.

XLIII.

Then might'st thou more appal ; or, less de-  
    sired,  
Be homely and be peaceful, undeplord  
For thy destructive charms ; then, still untired,  
Would not be seen the armèd torrents pour'd  
Down the deep Alps ; nor would the hostile  
    horde  
Of many-nation'd spoilers from the Po  
Quaff blood and water ; nor the stranger's  
    sword  
Be thy sad weapon of defence, and so,  
Victor or vanquish'd, thou the slave of friend  
    or foe.

XLIV.

Wandering in youth, I traced the path of him,  
The Roman friend of Rome's least mortal mind,  
The friend of Tully : as my bark did skim  
The bright blue waters with a fanning wind,

Came Megara before me, and behind  
 Ægina lay, Piræus on the right,  
 And Corinth on the left ; I lay reclined  
 Along the prow, and saw all these unite  
 In ruin, even as he had seen the desolate sight ;

## XLV.

For time hath not rebuilt them, but uprear'd  
 Barbaric dwellings on their shatter'd site,  
 Which only make more mourn'd and more  
     endear'd  
 The few last rays of their far-scattered light,  
 And the crush'd relics of their vanish'd might.  
 The Romans saw these tombs in his own age,  
 These sepulchres of cities, which excite  
 Sad wonder, and his yet surviving page  
 The moral lesson bears, drawn from such pil-  
     grimage.

## XLVI.

That page is now before me, and on mine  
*His* country's ruin added to the mass  
 Of perish'd states he mourned in their decline,  
 And I in desolation : all that *was*  
 Of then destruction *is* ; and now, alas !  
 Rome — Rome imperial, bows her to the storm,  
 In the same dust and blackness, and we pass

The skeleton of her Titanic form,  
Wrecks of another world, whose ashes still are  
warm

XLVII.

Yet, Italy ! through every other land  
Thy wrongs should ring, and shall, from side  
to side ;  
Mother of Arts ! as once of Arms ; thy hand  
Was then our guardian, and is still our guide ;  
Parent of our Religion ! whom the wide  
Nations have knelt to for the keys of heaven !  
Europe, repentant of her parricide,  
Shall yet redeem thee, and, all backward  
driven,  
Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be forgiven.

XLVIII.

But Arno wins us to the fair white walls,  
Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps  
A softer feeling for her fairy halls.  
Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps  
Her corn, and wine, and oil, and Plenty leaps  
To laughing life, with her redundant horn.  
Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps,  
Was modern Luxury of Commerce born,  
And buried Learning rose, redeem'd to a new  
morn.

## XLIX.

There, too, the Goddess loves in stone, and  
 fills  
 The air around with beauty ; we inhale  
 The ambrosial aspect, which, beheld, instils  
 Part of its immortality ; the veil  
 Of heaven is half undrawn ; within the pale  
 We stand, and in that form and face behold  
 What mind can make, when Nature's self  
 would fail ;  
 And to the fond idolaters of old  
 Envy the innate flash which such a soul could  
 mould :

## L.

We gaze and turn away, and know not where,  
 Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart  
 Reels with its fulness : there — for ever there—  
 Chained to the chariot of triumphal Art,  
 We stand as captives, and would not depart.  
 Away ! — there need no words, nor terms pre-  
 cise,  
 The paltry jargon of the marble mart,  
 Where Pedantry gulls Folly — we have eyes :  
 Blood, pulse, and breast confirm the Dardan  
 Shepherd's prize.

LI.

Appear'dst thou not to Paris in this guise?  
Or to more deeply blest Anchises? or,  
In all thy perfect goddess-ship, when lies  
Before thee thy own vanquished Lord of War?  
And gazing in thy face as toward a star,  
Laid on thy lap, his eyes to thee upturn,  
Feeding on thy sweet cheek! while thy lips are  
With lava kisses melting while they burn,  
Shower'd on his eyelids, brow, and mouth, as  
from an urn!

LII.

Glowing, and circumfused in speechless love,  
Their full divinity inadequate  
That feeling to express, or to improve,  
The gods become as mortals, and man's fate  
Has moments like their brightest! but the  
weight  
Of earth recoils upon us; — let it go!  
We can recall such visions, and create  
From what has been, or might be, things which  
grow  
Into thy statue's form, and look like gods below.

LIII.

I leave to learned fingers, and wise hands,  
The artist and the ape, to teach and tell

How well his connoisseurship understands  
 The graceful bend, and the voluptuous swell :  
 Let these describe the undescribable ;  
 I would not their vile breath should crisp the  
     stream  
 Wherein that image shall for ever dwell  
 The unruffled mirror of the loveliest dream  
 That ever left the sky on the deep soul to beam.

## LIV.

In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie  
 Ashes which make it holier, dust which is  
 Even in itself an immortality,  
 Though there were nothing save the past, and  
     this  
 The particle of those sublimities  
 Which have relapsed to chaos : — here repose  
 Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his,  
 The starry Galileo, with his woes ;  
 Here Machiavelli's earth returned to whence it  
     rose.

## LV.

These are four minds, which, like the elements,  
 Might furnish forth creation : — Italy !  
 Time, which hath wrong'd thee with ten  
     thousand rents  
 Of thine imperial garment, shall deny,

And hath denied, to every other sky,  
Spirits which soar from ruin : — thy decay  
Is still impregnate with divinity,  
Which gilds it with revivifying ray ;  
Such as the great of yore, Canova is to-day.

LVI.

But where repose the all Etruscan three —  
Dante, and Petrarch, and, scarce less than they,  
The Bard of Prose, creative spirit ! he  
Of the Hundred Tales of love — where did  
they lay  
Their bones, distinguish'd from our common  
clay  
In death as life? Are they resolved to dust,  
And have their country's marbles nought to say?  
Could not her quarries furnish forth one bust?  
Did they not to her breast their filial earth en-  
trust?

LVII.

Ungrateful Florence ! Dante sleeps afar,  
Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore ;  
Thy factions, in their worse than civil war,  
Proscribed the bard whose name for evermore  
Their children's children would in vain adore  
With the remorse of ages ; and the crown  
Which Petrarch's laureate brow supremely  
wore,

Upon a far and foreign soil had grown,  
 His life, his fame, his grave, though rifled —  
     not thine own.

## LVIII.

Boccaccio to his parent earth bequeathed  
 His dust, — and lies it not her Great among,  
 With many a sweet and solemn requiem  
     breathed  
 O'er him who form'd the Tuscan's siren tongue?  
 That music in itself, whose sounds are song,  
 The poetry of speech? No; — even his tomb  
 Uptorn, must bear the hyæna bigots' wrong,  
 No more amidst the meaner dead find room,  
 Nor claim a passing sigh, because it told for  
     *whom!*

## LIX.

And Santa Croce wants their mighty dust;  
 Yet for this want more noted, as of yore  
 The Cæsar's pageant, shorn of Brutus' bust,  
 Did but of Rome's best son remind her more:  
 Happier Ravenna! on thy hoary shore,  
 Fortress of falling empire! honor'd sleeps  
 The immortal exile; — Arqua, too, her store  
 Of tuneful relics proudly claims and keeps,  
 While Florence vainly begs her banish'd dead,  
     and weeps.



LX.

What is her pyramid of precious stones?  
Of porphyry, jasper, agate, and all hues  
Of gem and marble, to encrust the bones  
Of merchant-dukes? the momentary dews  
Which, sparkling to the twilight stars, infuse  
Freshness in the green turf that wraps the dead,  
Whose names are mausoleums of the Muse,  
Are gently prest with far more reverent tread  
Than ever paced the slab which paves the  
princely head.

LXI.

There be more things to greet the heart and  
eyes  
In Arno's dome of Art's most princely shrine,  
Where Sculpture with her rainbow sister vies;  
There be more marvels yet — but not for mine;  
For I have been accustom'd to entwine  
My thoughts with nature rather in the fields,  
Than Art in galleries: though a work divine  
Calls for my spirit's homage, yet it yields  
Less than it feels, because the weapon which it  
wields

LXII.

Is of another temper, and I roam  
By Thrasimene's lake, in the defiles

Fatal to Roman rashness, more at home ;  
 For there the Carthaginian's warlike wiles  
 Come back before me, as his skill beguiles  
 The host between the mountains and the shore,  
 Where Courage falls in her despairing files,  
 And torrents, swoll'n to rivers with their gore,  
 Reek through the sultry plain, with legions  
 scatter'd o'er.

## LXIII.

Like to a forest fell'd by mountain winds ;  
 And such the storm of battle on this day,  
 And such the frenzy, whose convulsion blinds  
 To all save carnage, that, beneath the fray,  
 An earthquake reel'd unheededly away !  
 None felt stern Nature rocking at his feet,  
 And yawning forth a grave for those who lay  
 Upon their bucklers for a winding sheet ;  
 Such is the absorbing hate when warring nations  
 meet !

## LXIV.

The Earth to them was as a rolling bark  
 Which bore them to Eternity ; they saw  
 The Ocean round, but had no time to mark  
 The motions of their vessel : Nature's law,  
 In them suspended, reck'd not of the awe  
 Which reigns when mountains tremble, and the  
 birds

Plunge in the clouds for refuge, and withdraw  
From their down-toppling nests ; and bellow-  
ing herds  
Stumble o'er heaving plains, and man's dread  
hath no words.

LXV.

Far other scene is Thrasimene now ;  
Her lake a sheet of silver, and her plain  
Rent by no ravage save the gentle plough ;  
Her aged trees rise thick as once the slain  
Lay where their roots are ; but a brook hath  
ta'en —  
A little rill of scanty stream and bed —  
A name of blood from that day's sanguine rain ;  
And Sanguinetto tells ye where the dead  
Made the earth wet, and turn'd the unwilling  
waters red.

LXVI.

But thou, Clitumnus ! in thy sweetest wave  
Of the most living crystal that was e'er  
The haunt of river nymph, to gaze and lave  
Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou dost  
rear  
Thy grassy banks whereon the milk-white  
steer  
Grazes ; the purest god of gentle waters !  
And most serene of aspect, and most clear :

Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaughters,  
A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daughters!

## LXVII.

And on thy happy shore a Temple still,  
Of small and delicate proportion, keeps,  
Upon a mild declivity of hill,  
Its memory of thee; beneath it sweeps  
Thy current's calmness; oft from out it leaps  
The finny darter with the glittering scales,  
Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps;  
While, chance, some scatter'd water-lily sails  
Down where the shallower wave still tells its  
bubbling tales.

## LXVIII.

Pass not unblest the Genius of the place!  
If through the air a zephyr more serene  
Win to the brow, 'tis his; and if ye trace  
Along his margin a more eloquent green,  
If on the heart the freshness of the scene  
Sprinkle its coolness, and from the dry dust  
Of weary life a moment lave it clean  
With Nature's baptism, — 'tis to him ye must  
Pay orisons for this suspension of disgust.

LXIX.

The roar of waters!—from the headlong  
height  
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;  
The fall of waters! rapid as the light  
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;  
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,  
And boil in endless torture; while the sweat  
Of their great agony, wrung out from this  
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet  
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror  
set,

LXX.

And mounts in spray the skies, and thence  
again  
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,  
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,  
Is an eternal April to the ground,  
Making it all one emerald. How profound  
The gulf! and how the giant element  
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,  
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and  
rent  
With his fierce footsteps, yields in chasms a  
fearful vent.

## LXXI.

To the broad column which rolls on, and  
shows  
More like the fountain of an infant sea  
Torn from the womb of mountains by the  
throes  
Of a new world, than only thus to be  
Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly  
With many windings through the vale:—  
Look back!  
Lo! where it comes like an eternity,  
As if to sweep down all things in its track,  
Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless  
cataract,

## LXXII.

Horribly beautiful! but on the verge  
From side to side, beneath the glittering  
morn,  
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,  
Like Hope upon a deathbed, and, unworn  
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn  
By the distracted waters, bears serene  
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn:  
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,  
Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.

LXXIII.

Once more upon the woody Apennine,  
The infant Alps, which — had I not before  
Gazed on their mightier parents, where the  
    pine  
Sits on more shaggy summits, and where roar  
The thundering lauwine — might be wor-  
    shipp'd more ;  
But I have seen the soaring Jungfrau rear  
Her never-trodden snow, and seen the hoar  
Glaciers of bleak Mont Blanc both far and  
    near,  
And in Chimari heard the thunder-hills of fear.

LXXIV.

The Acroceraunian mountains of old name ;  
And on Parnassus seen the eagles fly  
Like spirits of the spot, as 'twere for fame,  
For still they soar'd unutterably high :  
I've look'd on Ida with a Trojan's eye ;  
Athos, Olympus, Ætna, Atlas, made  
These hills seem things of lesser dignity,  
All, save the lone Soracte's height display'd  
Not *now* in snow, which asks the lyric Roman's  
    aid

## LXXV.

For our remembrance, and from out the plain  
Heaves like a long-swept wave about to break,  
And on the curl hangs pausing: not in vain  
May he who will his recollections rake,  
And quote in classic raptures, and awake  
The hills with Latin echoes; I abhor'd  
Too much to conquer for the poet's sake,  
The drill'd dull lesson, forced down word by  
word  
In my repugnant youth, with pleasure to record

## LXXVI.

Aught that recalls the daily drug which turn'd  
My sickening memory; and, though Time  
hath taught  
My mind to meditate what then it learn'd,  
Yet such the fix'd inveteracy wrought  
By the impatience of my early thought,  
That, with the freshness wearing out before  
My mind could relish what it might have  
sought,  
If free to choose, I cannot now restore  
Its health; but what it then detested, still  
abhors.

## LXXVII.

Then farewell, Horace; whom I hated so,  
Not for thy faults, but mine; it is a curse



To understand, not feel thy lyric flow,  
To comprehend, but never love thy verse,  
Although no deeper Moralist rehearse  
Our little life, nor Bard prescribe his art,  
Nor livelier Satirist the conscience pierce,  
Awakening without wounding the touch'd  
heart,  
Yet fare thee well — upon Soracte's ridge we  
part.

LXXVIII.

O Rome ! my country ! city of the soul !  
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,  
Lone mother of dead empires ! and control  
In their shut breasts their petty misery.  
What are our woes and sufferance ? Come  
and see  
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way  
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, Ye !  
Whose agonies are evils of a day —  
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

LXXIX.

The Niobe of nations ! there she stands,  
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe ;  
An empty urn within her wither'd hands,  
Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago ;

The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now ;  
 The very sepulchres lie tenantless  
 Of their heroic dwellers : dost thou flow,  
 Old Tiber ! through a marble wilderness ?  
 Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her  
 distress !

## LXXX.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood,  
 and Fire,  
 Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride :  
 She saw her glories star by star expire,  
 And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,  
 Where the car climb'd the Capitol ; far and  
 wide  
 Temple and tower went down, nor left a  
 site ; —  
 Chaos of ruins ! who shall trace the void,  
 O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,  
 And say, " Here was, or is," where all is  
 doubly night ?

## LXXXI.

The double night of ages, and of her,  
 Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt, and  
 wrap  
 All round us ; we but feel our way to err :  
 The ocean hath its chart, the stars their map,

And Knowledge spreads them on her ample  
lap ;  
But Rome is as the desert, where we steer  
Stumbling o'er recollections ; now we clap  
Our hands, and cry " Eureka ! " it is clear —  
When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

LXXXII.

Alas, the lofty city ! and alas,  
The trebly hundred triumphs !<sup>1</sup> and the day  
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass  
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away !  
Alas for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,  
And Livy's pictured page ! But these shall be  
Her resurrection : all beside — decay.  
Alas, for Earth, for never shall we see  
That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome  
was free !

LXXXIII.

O thou, whose chariot roll'd on Fortune's  
wheel,  
Triumphant Sylla ! Thou, who didst subdue  
Thy country's foes ere thou wouldst pause to  
feel  
The wrath of thy own wrongs, or reap the due

<sup>1</sup> Orosius gives 320 for the number of triumphs.

Of hoarded vengeance till thine eagles flew  
 O'er prostrate Asia;—thou, who with thy  
     frown  
 Annihilated senates — Roman, too,  
 With all thy vices, for thou didst lay down  
 With an atoning smile a more than earthly  
     crown —

LXXXIV.

The dictatorial wreath, — couldst thou divine  
 To what would one day dwindle that which  
     made  
 Thee more than mortal ? and that so supine  
 By aught than Romans Rome should thus be  
     laid ?  
 She who was named Eternal, and array'd  
 Her warriors but to conquer — she who veil'd  
 Earth with her haughty shadow, and display'd,  
 Until the o'er-canopied horizon fail'd,  
 Her rushing wings—Oh ! she who was Almighty  
     hail'd !

LXXXV.

Sylla was first of victors ; but our own,  
 The sagest of usurpers, Cromwell ! — he  
 Too swept off senates while he hew'd the  
     throne  
 Down to a block — immortal rebel ! See

What crimes it costs to be a moment free  
And famous through all ages! But beneath  
His fate the moral lurks of destiny;  
His day of double victory and death  
Beheld him win two realms, and, happier, yield  
his breath.

LXXXVI.

The third of the same moon whose former  
course  
Had all but crown'd him, on the self-same day  
Deposed him gently from his throne of force,  
And laid him with the earth's preceding clay.  
And show'd not Fortune thus how fame and  
sway,  
And all we deem delightful, and consume  
Our souls to compass through each arduous  
way,  
Are in her eyes less happy than the tomb?  
Were they but so in man's, how different were  
his doom!

LXXXVII.

And thou, dread statue! yet existent in  
The austere form of naked majesty,  
Thou who beheldest, 'mid the assassins' din,  
At thy bathed base the bloody Cæsar lie,

Folding his robe in dying dignity,  
 An offering to thine altar from the queen  
 Of gods and men, great Nemesis ! did he die,  
 And thou, too, perish, Pompey? have ye been  
 Victors of countless kings, or puppets of a  
       scene?

## LXXXVIII.

And thou, the thunder-stricken nurse of  
       Rome !  
 She-wolf ! whose brazen-imaged dugs impart  
 The milk of conquest yet within the dome  
 Where, as a monument of antique art,  
 Thou standest : — Mother of the mighty heart,  
 Which the great founder suck'd from thy wild  
       teat,  
 Scorch'd by the Roman Jove's ethereal dart,  
 And thy limbs black'd with lightning — dost  
       thou yet  
 Guard thy immortal cubs, nor thy fond charge  
       forget?

## LXXXIX.

Thou dost ; — but all thy foster-babes are  
       dead —  
 The men of iron ; and the world hath rear'd  
 Cities from out their sepulchres : men bled  
 In imitation of the things they fear'd,

And fought and conquer'd, and the same  
course steer'd,  
At apish distance ; but as yet none have,  
Nor could, the same supremacy have near'd,  
Save one vain man, who is not in the grave,  
But, vanquish'd by himself, to his own slaves a  
slave,

XC.

The fool of false dominion — and a kind  
Of bastard Cæsar, following him of old  
With steps unequal ; for the Roman's mind  
Was modell'd in a less terrestrial mould,  
With passions fiercer, yet a judgment cold,  
And an immortal instinct which redeem'd  
The frailties of a heart so soft, yet bold,  
Alcides with the distaff now he seem'd  
At Cleopatra's feet, and now himself he  
beam'd,

XCI.

And came, and saw, and conquer'd. But the  
man  
Who would have tamed his eagles down to flee  
Like a train'd falcon, in the Gallic van,  
Which he, in sooth, long led to victory,  
With a deaf heart which never seem'd to be  
A listener to itself, was strangely framed ;  
With but one weakest weakness — vanity :

Coquettish in ambition, still he aim'd —  
 At what? Can he avouch, or answer what he  
 claim'd?

## XCII.

And would be all or nothing — nor could wait  
 For the sure grave to level him ; few years  
 Had fix'd him with the Cæsars in his fate,  
 On whom we tread : For *this* the conqueror  
       rears  
 The arch of triumph ! and for this the tears  
 And blood of earth flow on as they have flow'd  
 An universal deluge, which appears  
 Without an ark for wretched man's abode,  
 And ebbs but to reflow ! — Renew thy rainbow,  
       God !

## XCIII.

What from this barren being do we reap?  
 Our senses narrow, and our reason frail,  
 Life short, and truth a gem which loves the  
       deep,  
 And all things weigh'd in custom's falsest  
       scale ;  
 Opinion an omnipotence, whose veil  
 Mantles the earth with darkness, until right  
 And wrong are accidents, and men grow pale



Lest their own judgments should become too  
bright,  
And their free thoughts be crimes, and earth  
have too much light.

XCIV.

And thus they plod in sluggish misery,  
Rotting from sire to son, and age to age,  
Proud of their trampled nature, and so die  
Bequeathing their hereditary rage  
To the new race of inborn slaves, who wage  
War for their chains, and rather than be free  
Bleed gladiator-like, and still engage  
Within the same arena where they see  
Their fellows fall before, like leaves of the same  
tree.

XCV.

I speak not of men's creeds — they rest  
between  
Man and his Maker — but of things allow'd,  
Averr'd and known, — and daily, hourly seen —  
The yoke that is upon us doubly bow'd,  
And the intent of tyranny avow'd,  
The edict of Earth's rulers, who are grown,  
The apes of him who humbled once the proud,

And shook them from their slumbers on the  
 throne ;  
 Too glorious, were this all his mighty arm had  
 done.

## XCVI.

Can tyrants but by tyrants conquer'd be,  
 And Freedom find no champion and no child  
 Such as Columbia saw arise when she  
 Sprung forth a Pallas, arm'd and undefiled?  
 Or must such minds be nourish'd in the wild,  
 Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst the roar  
 Of cataracts, where nursing nature smiled  
 On infant Washington? Has Earth no more  
 Such seeds within her breast, or Europe no  
 such shore?

## XCVII.

But France got drunk with blood to vomit  
 crime,  
 And fatal have her Saturnalia been  
 To Freedom's cause, in every age and clime ;  
 Because the deadly days which we have seen,  
 And vile Ambition, that built up between  
 Man and his hopes an adamantine wall,  
 And the base pageant last upon the scene,  
 Are grown the pretext for the eternal thrall  
 Which nips Life's tree, and dooms man's worst  
 — his second fall.

XCVIII.

Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but  
flying,  
Streams like the thunder-storm *against* the  
wind;  
Thy trumpet-voice, though broken now and  
dying;  
The loudest still the tempest leaves behind;  
Thy tree hath lost its blossoms, and the rind,  
Chopp'd by the axe, looks rough and little  
worth,  
But the sap lasts, — and still the seed we find  
Sown deep, even in the bosom of the North;  
So shall a better spring less bitter fruit bring  
forth.

XCIX.

There is a stern round tower of other days,  
Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone,  
Such as an army's baffled strength delays,  
Standing with half its battlements alone,  
And with two thousand years of ivy grown,  
The garland of eternity, where wave  
The green leaves over all by time o'erthrown:  
What was this tower of strength? within its  
cave  
What treasure lay so lock'd, so hid? — A  
woman's grave.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The tomb of Cecilia Metella.

## C.

But who was she, the lady of the dead,  
 Tomb'd in a palace? Was she chaste and fair?  
 Worthy a king's — or more — a Roman's bed?  
 What race of chiefs and heroes did she bear?  
 What daughter of her beauties was the heir?  
 How lived — how loved — how died she?  
     Was she not  
 So honor'd — and conspicuously there,  
 Where meaner relics must not dare to rot,  
 Placed to commemorate a more than mortal  
     lot?

## CI.

Was she as those who love their lords, or they  
 Who love the lords of others? such have been  
 Even in the olden time, Rome's annals say.  
 Was she a matron of Cornelia's mien,  
 Or the light air of Egypt's graceful queen,  
 Profuse of joy; or 'gainst it did she war,  
 Inveterate in virtue? Did she lean  
 To the soft side of the heart, or wisely bar  
 Love from amongst her griefs? — for such the  
     affections are.

## CII.

Perchance she died in youth: it may be, bow'd  
 With woes far heavier than the ponderous tomb

That weigh'd upon her gentle dust, a cloud  
Might gather o'er her beauty, and a gloom  
In her dark eye, prophetic of the doom  
Heaven gives its favorites — early death ; yet  
shed

A sunset charm around her, and illumine  
With hectic light, the Hesperus of the dead,  
Of her consuming cheek the autumnal leaf-like  
red.

CIII.

Perchance she died in age — surviving all,  
Charms, kindred, children — with the silver  
gray

On her long tresses, which might yet recall,  
It may be, still a something of the day  
When they were braided, and her proud array  
And lovely form were envied, praised, and  
eyed

By Rome — but whither would Conjecture  
stray?

Thus much alone we know — Metella died,  
The wealthiest Roman's wife : Behold his love  
or pride !

CIV.

I know not why — but standing thus by thee  
It seems as if I had thine inmate known,

Thou Tomb ! and other days come back on  
 me  
 With recollected music, though the tone  
 Is changed and solemn, like the cloudy groan  
 Of dying thunder on the distant wind ;  
 Yet could I seat me by this ivied stone  
 Till I had bodied forth the heated mind,  
 Forms from the floated wreck which ruin leaves  
 behind :

## CV.

And from the planks, far shatter'd o'er the  
 rocks,  
 Built me a little bark of hope, once more  
 To battle with the ocean and the shocks  
 Of the loud breakers, and the ceaseless roar  
 Which rushes on the solitary shore  
 Where all lies founder'd that was ever dear :  
 But could I gather from the wave-worn store  
 Enough for my rude boat, where should I steer ?  
 There woos no home, nor hope, nor life, save  
 what is here.

## CVI.

Then let the winds howl on ! their harmony  
 Shall henceforth be my music, and the night  
 The sound shall temper with the owlets' cry,  
 As I now hear them, in the fading light

Dim o'er the bird of darkness' native site,  
Answer each other on the Palatine,  
With their large eyes, all glistening gray and  
bright,  
And sailing pinions. — Upon such a shrine  
What are our petty griefs? — let me not number  
mine.

CVII.

Cypress and ivy, weed and wallflower grown  
Matted and mass'd together, hillocks heap'd  
On what were chambers, arch crush'd, column  
strown  
In fragments, choked-up vaults, and frescoes  
steep'd  
In subterranean damp, where the owl peep'd  
Deeming it midnight: — Temples, baths, of  
halls?  
Pronounce who can; for all that learning  
reap'd  
From her research hath been, that these are  
walls —  
Behold the Imperial Mount! 'tis thus the mighty  
falls.

CVIII.

There is the moral of all human tales;  
'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past,

First Freedom — and then Glory — when that  
fails,  
Wealth, vice, corruption — barbarism at last.  
And History, with all her volumes vast,  
Hath but *one* page, — 'tis better written here,  
Where gorgeous Tyranny hath thus amass'd  
All treasures, all delights, that eye or ear,  
Heart, soul could seek, tongue ask — Away  
with words ! draw near,

## CIX.

Admire, exult — despise — laugh, weep — for  
here  
There is such matter for all feeling : — Man !  
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear,  
Ages and realms are crowded in this span,  
This mountain, whose obliterated plan  
The pyramid of empires pinnacled,  
Of Glory's gewgaws shining in the van  
Till the sun's rays with added flame were fill'd !  
Where are its golden roofs ? where those who  
dared to build ?

## CX.

Tully was not so elegant as thou,  
Thou nameless column with the buried base !  
What are the laurels of the Cæsar's brow ?  
Crown me with ivy from his dwelling-place.



Whose arch or pillar meets me in the face,  
Titus or Trajan's? No; 'tis that of Time:  
Triumph, arch, pillar, all he doth displace,  
Scoffing; and apostolic statues climb  
To crush the imperial urn, whose ashes slept  
sublime,<sup>1</sup>

CXI.

Buried in air, the deep blue sky of Rome,  
And looking to the stars; they had contain'd  
A spirit which with these would find a home,  
The last of those who o'er the whole earth  
reign'd,  
The Roman globe, for after none sustain'd  
But yielded back his conquests: — he was  
more  
Than a mere Alexander, and unstain'd  
With household blood and wine, serenely wore  
His sovereign virtues — still we Trajan's name  
adore.

CXII.

Where is the rock of Triumph, the high place  
Where Rome embraced her heroes? where the  
steep  
Tarpeian — fittest goal of Treason's race,  
The promontory whence the Traitor's Leap

<sup>1</sup> The column of Trajan is surmounted by St. Peter; that of Aurelius by St. Paul.

Cured all ambition ? Did the conquerors heap  
 Their spoils here ? Yes ; and in yon field  
     below,  
 A thousand years of silenced factions sleep —  
 The Forum, where the immortal accents glow,  
 And still the eloquent air breathes — burns  
     with Cicero !

## CXIII.

The field of freedom, faction, fame, and blood :  
 Here a proud people's passions were exhaled,  
 From the first hour of empire in the bud  
 To that when further worlds to conquer fail'd ;  
 But long before had Freedom's face been  
     veil'd.  
 And Anarchy assumed her attributes ;  
 Till every lawless soldier who assail'd  
 Trod on the trembling Senate's slavish mutes,  
 Or raised the venal voice of baser prostitutes.

## CXIV.

Then turn we to our latest tribune's name,  
 From her ten thousand tyrants turn to thee,  
 Redeemer of dark centuries of shame —  
 The friend of Petrarch — hope of Italy —  
 Rienzi ! last of Romans ! While the tree  
 Of freedom's wither'd trunk puts forth a leaf,  
 Even for thy tomb a garland let it be —

The forum's champion, and the people's  
chief —  
Her new-born Numa thou, with reign, alas ! too  
brief.

CXV.

Egeria ! sweet creation of some heart  
Which found no mortal resting-place so fair  
As thine ideal breast ; whate'er thou art  
Or wert, — a young Aurora of the air,  
The nympholepsy of some fond despair ;  
Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,  
Who found a more than common votary there  
Too much adoring ; whatsoe'er thy birth,  
Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied  
forth.

CXVI.

The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled  
With thine Elysian water-drops ; the face  
Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years un-  
wrinkled,  
Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place,  
Whose green wild margin now no more erase  
Art's works ; nor must the delicate waters  
sleep,  
Prison'd in marble, bubbling from the base  
Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap  
The rill runs o'er, and round, fern, flowers, and  
ivy creep,

## CXVII.

Fantastically tangled ; the green hills  
Are clothed with early blossoms, through the  
grass  
The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the bills  
Of summer birds sing welcome as ye pass :  
Flowers fresh in hue, and many in their class,  
Implore the pausing step, and with their dyes  
Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass ;  
The sweetness of the violet's deep blue eyes,  
Kiss'd by the breath of heaven, seems color'd  
by its skies.

## CXVIII.

Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted cover,  
Egeria ! thy all heavenly bosom beating  
For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover ;  
The purple Midnight veil'd that mystic meeting  
With her most starry canopy, and seating  
Thyself by thine adorer, what befell ?  
This cave was surely shaped out for the greet-  
ing  
Of an enamour'd Goddess, and the cell  
Haunted by holy Love — the earliest oracle !

## CXIX.

And didst thou not, thy breast with his reply-  
ing,  
Blend a celestial with a human heart ;

And Love, which dies as it was born, in sigh-  
ing,  
Share with immortal transports? could thine  
art  
Make them indeed immortal, and impart  
The purity of heaven to earthly joys,  
Expel the venom and not blunt the dart —  
The dull satiety which all destroys —  
And root from out the soul the deadly weed  
which cloy?

CXX.

Alas! our young affections run to waste,  
Or water but the desert; whence arise  
But weeds of dark luxuriance, tares of haste,  
Rank at the core, though tempting to the eyes,  
Flowers whose wild odors breathe but agonies,  
And trees whose gums are poison; such the  
plants  
Which spring beneath her steps as Passion  
flies  
O'er the world's wilderness, and vainly pants  
For some celestial fruit forbidden to our wants.

CXXI.

O Love! no habitant of earth thou art —  
An unseen seraph, we believe in thee, —  
A faith whose martyrs are the broken heart,  
But never yet hath seen, nor e'er shall see,

The naked eye, thy form, as it should be ;  
 The mind hath made thee, as it peopled  
     heaven,  
 Even with its own desiring phantasy,  
 And to a thought such shape and image given,  
 As haunts the unquench'd soul — parch'd —  
     wearied — wrung — and riven.

## CXXII.

Of its own beauty is the mind diseased,  
 And fevers into false creation : — where,  
 Where are the forms the sculptor's soul hath  
     seized?  
 In him alone. Can Nature show so fair?  
 Where are the charms and virtues which we  
     dare  
 Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men,  
 The unreach'd Paradise of our despair,  
 Which o'er-informs the pencil and the pen,  
 And overpowers the page where it would bloom  
     again?

## CXXIII.

Who loves, raves — 'tis youth's frenzy — but  
     the cure  
 Is bitterer still ; as charm by charm unwinds  
 Which robed our idols, and we see too sure  
 Nor worth nor beauty dwells from out the  
     mind's

Ideal shape of such ; yet still it binds  
The fatal spell, and still it draws us on,  
Reaping the whirlwind from the oft-sown  
winds ;  
The stubborn heart, its alchemy begun,  
Seems ever near the prize — wealthiest when  
most undone.

CXXIV.

We wither from our youth, we gasp away —  
Sick — sick ; unfound the boon, unslaked the  
thirst,  
Though to the last, in verge of our decay,  
Some phantom lures, such as we sought at  
first —  
But all too late, — so are we doubly curst.  
Love, fame, ambition, avarice — 'tis the  
same —  
Each idle, and all ill, and none the worst —  
For all are meteors with a different name,  
And death the sable smoke where vanishes the  
flame.

CXXV.

Few — none — find what they love or could  
have loved :  
Though accident, blind contact, and the strong  
Necessity of loving, have removed  
Antipathies — but to recur, ere long,

Envenom'd with irrevocable wrong ;  
 And Circumstance, that unspiritual god  
 And miscreator, makes and helps along  
 Our coming evils with a crutch-like rod,  
 Whose touch turns hope to dust — the dust we  
     all have trod.

## CXXVI.

Our life is a false nature — 'tis not in  
 The harmony of things, — this hard decree,  
 This uneradicable taint of sin,  
 This boundless upas, this all-blasting tree,  
 Whose root is earth, whose leaves and branches  
     be  
 The skies which rain their plagues on men like  
     dew —  
 Disease, death, bondage, all the woes we see —  
 And worse, the woes we see not — which throb  
     through  
 The immedicable soul, with heart-aches ever  
     new.

## CXXVII.

Yet let us ponder boldly — 'tis a base  
 Abandonment of reason to resign  
 Our right of thought — our last and only place  
 Of refuge ; this, at least, shall still be mine :



Though from our birth the faculty divine  
Is chang'd and tortured — cabin'd, cribb'd,  
    confined,  
And bred in darkness, lest the truth should  
    shine  
Too brightly on the unprepared mind,  
The beam pours in, for time and skill will couch  
    the blind.

CXXVIII.

Arches on arches ! as it were that Rome,  
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,  
Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,  
Her Coliseum stands ; the moonbeams shine  
As 'twere its natural torches, for divine  
Should be the light which streams here, to  
    illuminate  
This long explored but still exhaustless mine  
Of contemplation ; and the azure gloom  
Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

CXXIX.

Hues which have words, and speak to ye of  
    heaven,  
Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,  
And shadows forth its glory. There is given  
Unto the things of earth, which Time hath  
    bent,

A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant  
His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power  
And magic in the ruin'd battlement,  
For which the palace of the present hour  
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its  
dower.

## CXXX.

O Time ! the beautifier of the dead,  
Adorner of the ruin, comforter  
And only healer when the heart hath bled —  
Time ! the corrector where our judgments err,  
The test of truth, love, — sole philosopher,  
For all beside are sophists, from thy thrift,  
Which never loses though it doth defer —  
Time, the avenger ! unto thee I lift  
My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of  
thee a gift :

## CXXXI.

Amidst this wreck, where thou hast made a  
shrine  
And temple more divinely desolate,  
Among thy mightier offerings here are mine,  
Ruins of years — though few, yet full of fate :  
If thou hast ever seen me too elate,  
Hear me not ; but if calmly I have borne  
Good, and reserved my pride against the hate

Which shall not overwhelm me, let me not have  
worn  
This iron in my soul in vain — shall *they* not  
mourn?

CXXXII.

And thou, who never yet of human wrong  
Left'st the unbalanced scale, great Nemesis!  
Here, where the ancient paid thee homage  
long —  
Thou, who didst call the Furies from the  
abyss,  
And round Orestes bade them howl and hiss  
For that unnatural retribution — just,  
Had it but been from hands less near — in this  
Thy former realm, I call thee from the dust!  
Dost thou not hear my heart? — Awake! thou  
shalt, and must.

CXXXIII.

It is not that I may not have incurr'd  
For my ancestral faults or mine the wound  
I bleed withal, and had it been conferr'd  
With a just weapon, it had flow'd unbound.  
But now my blood shall not sink in the ground;  
To thee I do devote it — *thou* shalt take  
The vengeance, which shall yet be sought and  
found,

Which if *I* have not taken for the sake —  
 But let that pass — I sleep, but thou shalt yet  
 awake.

## CXXXIV.

And if my voice break forth, 'tis not that now  
 I shrink from what is suffer'd : let him speak  
 Who hath beheld decline upon my brow  
 Or seen my mind's convulsion leave it weak ;  
 But in this page a record will I seek.  
 Not in the air shall these my words disperse,  
 Though I be ashes ; a far hour shall wreak  
 The deep prophetic fulness of this verse,  
 And pile on human heads the mountain of my  
 curse !

## CXXXV.

That curse shall be Forgiveness. — Have I  
 not —  
 Hear me, my mother Earth ! behold it,  
 Heaven ! —  
 Have I not had to wrestle with my lot ?  
 Have I not suffer'd things to be forgiven ?  
 Have I not had my brain sear'd, my heart  
 riven,  
 Hopes sapp'd, name blighted, Life's life lied  
 away ?  
 And only not to desperation driven,

Because not altogether of such clay  
As rots into the souls of those whom I survey.

CXXXVI.

From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy  
Have I not seen what human things could do?  
From the loud roar of foaming calumny  
To the small whisper of the as paltry few  
And subtler venom of the reptile crew,  
The Janus glance of whose significant eye,  
Learning to lie with silence, would *seem* true,  
And without utterance, save the shrug or sigh,  
Deal round to happy fools its speechless obloquy.

CXXXVII.

But I have lived, and have not lived in vain :  
My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,  
And my frame perish even in conquering pain :  
But there is that within me which shall tire  
Torture and Time, and breathe when I expire :  
Something unearthly, which they deem not of,  
Like the remember'd tone of a mute lyre,  
Shall on their soften'd spirits sink, and move  
In hearts all rocky now the late remorse of love.

CXXXVIII.

The seal is set. — Now welcome, thou dread  
power !  
Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which here

Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight hour  
With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear :  
Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls rear  
Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene  
Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear  
That we become a part of what has been,  
And grow unto the spot, all-seeing but unseen.

## CXXXIX.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,  
In murmur'd pity, or loud-roar'd applause,  
As man was slaughter'd by his fellow-man,  
And wherefore slaughter'd? wherefore, but  
because  
Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,  
And the imperial pleasure. — Wherefore not?  
What matters where we fall to fill the maws  
Of worms — on battle-plains or listed spot?  
Both are but theatres where the chief actors rot.

## CXL.

I see before me the Gladiator lie :  
He leans upon his hand — his manly brow  
Consents to death, but conquers agony,  
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low —

And through his side the last drops, ebbing  
    slow  
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,  
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now  
The arena swims around him: he is gone,  
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the  
    wretch who won.

CXLI.

He heard it, but he heeded not — his eyes  
Were with his heart, and that was far away;  
He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,  
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,  
*There* were his young barbarians all at play,  
*There* was their Dacian mother — he, their sire,  
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday —  
All this rush'd with his blood, — Shall he ex-  
    pire,  
And unavenged? — Arise! ye Goths, and glut  
    your ire!

CXLII.

But here, where murder breathed her bloody  
    steam;  
And here, where buzzing nations choked the  
    ways,  
And roar'd or murmur'd like a mountain-stream  
Dashing or winding as its torrent strays;

Here, where the Roman million's blame or  
praise  
Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd,  
My voice sounds much — and fall the stars'  
faint rays  
On the arena void — seats crush'd, walls bow'd,  
And galleries, where my steps seem echoes  
strangely loud.

## CXLIII.

A ruin — yet what ruin! from its mass  
Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been rear'd;  
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,  
And marvel where the spoil could have ap-  
pear'd.  
Hath it indeed been plunder'd, or but clear'd?  
Alas! developed, opens the decay,  
When the colossal fabric's form is near'd:  
It will not bear the brightness of the day,  
Which streams too much on all years, man,  
have reft away.

## CLXIV.

But when the rising moon begins to climb  
Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there;  
When the stars twinkle through the loops of  
time,  
And the low night-breeze waves along the air,



The garland-forest, which the gray walls wear,  
Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head ;  
When the light shines serene, but doth not  
glare,

Then in this magic circle raise the dead :  
Heroes have trod this spot — 'tis on their dust  
ye tread.

CLXLV.

“While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall  
stand ;

When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall ;  
And when Rome falls — the World.” From  
our own land

Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty wall  
In Saxon times, which we are wont to call  
Ancient ; and these three mortal things are  
still

On their foundations, and unalter'd all ;  
Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's skill,  
The World, the same wide den — of thieves, or  
what ye will.

CXLVI.

Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime —  
Shrine of all saints and temple of all gods,  
From Jove to Jesus — spared and blest by time ;  
Looking tranquillity, while falls or nods

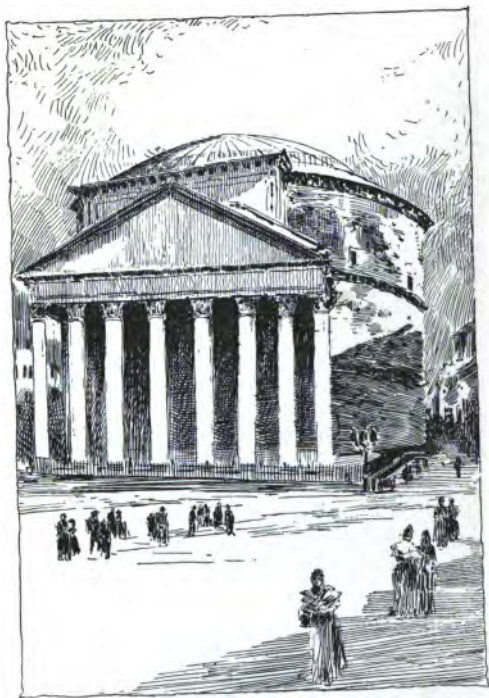
Arch, empire, each thing round thee, and man  
 plods  
 His way through thorns to ashes — glorious  
 dome !  
 Shalt thou not last? — Time's scythe and  
 tyrants' rods  
 Shiver upon thee — sanctuary and home  
 Of art and piety — Pantheon ! — Pride of Rome !

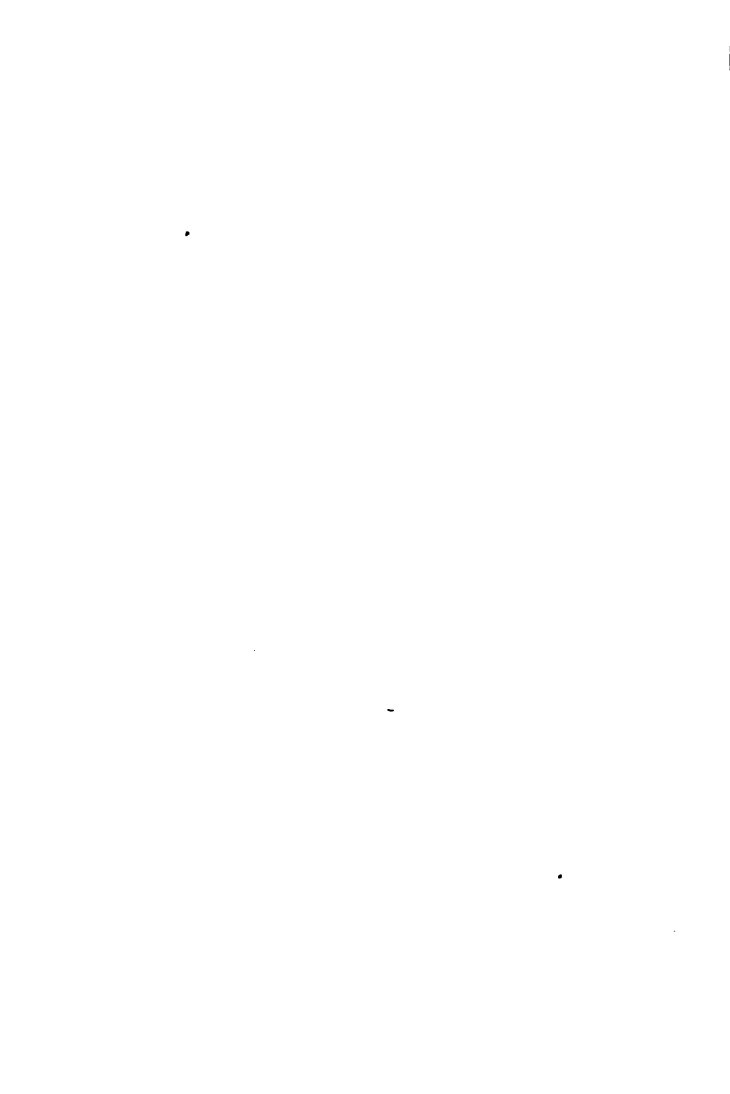
## CXLVII.

Relic of nobler days, and noblest arts !  
 Despoil'd yet perfect, with thy circle spreads  
 A holiness appealing to all hearts —  
 To art a model ; and to him who treads  
 Rome for the sake of ages, Glory sheds  
 Her light through thy sole aperture ; to those  
 Who worship, here are altars for their beads ;  
 And they who feel for genius may repose  
 Their eyes on honor'd forms, whose busts  
 around them close.

## CXLVIII.

There is a dungeon, in whose dim drear light  
 What do I gaze on? Nothing : Look again !  
 Two forms are slowly shadow'd on my sight —  
 Two insulated phantoms of the brain :





It is not so ; I see them full and plain —  
An old man, and a female young and fair,  
Fresh as a nursing mother, in whose vein  
The blood is nectar :—but what doth she  
there,  
With her unmantled neck, and bosom white  
and bare ?

CXLIX.

Full swells the deep pure fountain of young life,  
Where *on* the heart and *from* the heart we  
took  
Our first and sweetest nurture, when the wife,  
Blest into mother, in the innocent look,  
Or even the piping cry of lips that brook  
No pain and small suspense, a joy perceives  
Man knows not, when from out its cradled  
nook  
She sees her little bud put forth its leaves —  
What may the fruit be yet?—I know not —  
Cain was Eve's.

CL.

But here youth offers to old age the food,  
The milk of his own gift : — it is her sire  
To whom she renders back the debt of blood  
Born with her birth. No ; he shall not expire

While in those warm and lovely veins the fire  
 Of health and holy feeling can provide  
 Great Nature's Nile, whose deep stream rises  
                   higher

Than Egypt's river : — from that gentle side  
**Drink**, drink and live, old man ! heaven's realm  
                   holds no such tide.

## CLI.

The starry fable of the milky way  
 Has not thy story's purity ; it is  
 A constellation of a sweeter ray,  
 And sacred Nature triumphs more in this  
 Reverse of her decree, than in the abyss  
 Where sparkle distant worlds : — Oh, holiest  
                   nurse !

No drop of that clear stream its way shall miss  
 To thy sire's heart, replenishing its source  
 With life, as our freed souls rejoin the universe.

## CLII.

Turn to the Mole which Hadrian rear'd on  
                   high,<sup>1</sup>  
 Imperial mimic of old Egypt's piles,  
 Colossal copyist of deformity,  
 Whose travell'd phantasy from the far Nile's

<sup>1</sup> The castle of St. Angelo.

Enormous model, doom'd the artist's toils  
To build for giants, and for his vain earth,  
His shrunken ashes, raise this dome: How  
smiles

The gazer's eye with philosophic mirth,  
To view the huge design which sprung from  
such a birth!

CLIII.

But lo! the dome — the vast and wondrous  
dome,  
To which Diana's marvel was a cell<sup>1</sup> —  
Christ's mighty shrine above his martyr's  
tomb!  
I have beheld the Ephesian's miracle —  
Its columns strew the wilderness, and dwell  
The hyæna and the jackal in their shade;  
I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell  
Their glittering mass i' the sun, and have  
survey'd  
Its sanctuary the while the usurping Moslem  
pray'd;

CLIV.

But thou, of temples old, or altars new,  
Standest alone — with nothing like to thee —  
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true,  
Since Zion's desolation, when that He

<sup>1</sup> St. Peter's.

Forsook His former city, what could be,  
 Of earthly structures, in His honor piled,  
 Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,  
 Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty, all are  
     aisled  
 In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

## CLV.

Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;  
 And why? it is not lessen'd; but thy mind,  
 Expanded by the genius of the spot,  
 Has grown colossal, and can only find  
 A fit abode wherein appear enshrined  
 Thy hopes of immortality; and thou  
 Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,  
 See thy God, face to face, as thou dost now  
 His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by His  
     brow.

## CLVI.

Thou movest — but increasing with the ad-  
     vance,  
 Like climbing some great Alp, which still  
     doth rise,  
 Deceived by its gigantic elegance,  
 Vastness which grows — but grows to har-  
     monize —



All musical in its immensities ;  
Rich marbles — richer paintings — shrines  
    where flame  
The lamps of gold — and haughty dome which  
    vies  
In air with Earth's chief structures, though  
    their frame  
Sits on the firm-set ground — and this the  
    clouds must claim.

CLVII.

Thou seest not all ; but piecemeal thou must  
    break,  
To separate contemplation, the great whole ;  
And as the ocean many bays will make,  
That ask the eye — so here condense thy soul  
To more immediate objects, and control  
Thy thoughts until thy mind hath got by  
    heart  
Its eloquent proportions, and unroll  
In mighty graduations, part by part,  
The glory which at once upon thee did not  
    dart,

CLVIII.

Not by his fault — but thine : Our outward  
    sense  
Is but of gradual grasp — and as it is

That what we have of feeling most intense  
 Outstrips our faint expression ; even so this  
 Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice  
 Fools our fond gaze, and greatest of the great  
 Defies at first our Nature's littleness,  
 Till, growing with its growth, we thus dilate  
 Our spirits to the size of that they contem-  
 plate.

## CLIX.

Then pause and be enlightened ; there is  
 more  
 In such a survey than the sating gaze  
 Of wonder pleased, or awe which would adore  
 The worship of the place, or the mere praise  
 Of art and its great masters, who could raise  
 What former time, nor skill, nor thought  
 could plan ;  
 The fountain of sublimity displays  
 Its depth, and thence may draw the mind of  
 man  
 Its golden sands, and learn what great concep-  
 tions can.

## CLX.

Or, turning to the Vatican, go see  
 Laocoön's torture dignifying pain —  
 A father's love and mortal's agony  
 With an immortal's patience blending : — Vain

The struggle ; vain, against the coiling strain  
And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's  
grasp,  
The old man's clench ; the long envenom'd  
chain  
Rivets the living links, — the enormous asp  
Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on  
gasp.

CLXI.

Or view the Lord of the unerring bow,  
The God of life, and poesy, and light —  
The Sun in human limbs array'd, and brow  
All radiant from his triumph in the fight ;  
The shaft hath just been shot — the arrow  
bright  
With an immortal's vengeance ; in his eye  
And nostril beautiful disdain, and might  
And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,  
Developing in that one glance the Deity.

CLXII.

But in his delicate form — a dream of Love,  
Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast  
Long'd for a deathless lover from above,  
And madden'd in that vision — are exprest  
All that ideal beauty ever bless'd

The mind within its most unearthly mood,  
 When each conception was a heavenly  
                   guest —

A ray of immortality — and stood,  
 Starlike, around, until they gather'd to a god.

## CLXIII.

And if it be Prometheus stole from heaven  
 The fire which we endure, it was repaid  
 By him to whom the energy was given  
 Which this poetic marble hath array'd  
 With an eternal glory — which, if made  
 By human hands, is not of human thought;  
 And Time himself hath hallow'd it, nor laid  
 One ringlet in the dust — nor hath it caught  
 A tinge of years, but breathes the flame with  
                   which 'twas wrought.

## CLXIV.

But where is he, the Pilgrim of my song,  
 The being who upheld it through the past?  
 Methinks he cometh late and tarries long.  
 He is no more — these breathings are his last;  
 His wanderings done, his visions ebbing fast,  
 And he himself as nothing: — if he was  
 Aught but a phantasy, and could be class'd

With forms which live and suffer — let that  
pass —  
His shadow fades away into Destruction's  
mass,

CLXV.

Which gathers shadow, substance, life, and  
all  
That we inherit in its mortal shroud,  
And spreads the dim and universal pall  
Through which all things grow phantoms;  
and the cloud  
Between us sinks and all which ever glow'd  
Till Glory's self is twilight, and displays  
A melancholy halo scarce allow'd  
To hover on the verge of darkness; rays  
Sadder than saddest night, for they distract the  
gaze,

CLXVI.

And send us prying into the abyss,  
To gather what we shall be when the frame  
Shall be resolved to something less than this  
Its wretched essence; and to dream of fame,  
And wipe the dust from off the idle name  
We never more shall hear, — but never more,  
Oh, happier thought! can we be made the  
same:

It is enough, in sooth, that *once* we bore  
These fardels of the heart — the heart whose  
sweat was gore.

## CLXVII.

Hark ! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds,  
A long, low distant murmur of dread sound,  
Such as arises when a nation bleeds  
With some deep and immedicable wound ;  
Through storm and darkness yawns the rend-  
ing ground,  
The gulf is thick with phantoms, but the chief  
Seems royal still, though with her head dis-  
crown'd  
And pale, but lovely, with maternal grief  
She clasps a babe, to whom her breast yields  
no relief.

## CLXVIII.

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou ?  
Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead ?  
Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low  
Some less majestic, less beloved head ?  
In the sad midnight, while thy heart still bled,  
The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,  
Death hush'd that pang for ever : with thee fled

The present happiness and promised joy  
Which fill'd the imperial isles so full it seem'd  
to cloy.

CLXIX.

Peasants bring forth in safety. — Can it be,  
O thou that wert so happy, so adored !  
Those who weep not for kings shall weep for  
thee,  
And Freedom's heart, grown heavy, cease to  
hoard,  
Her many griefs for ONE ; for she had pour'd  
Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head  
Beheld her Iris. — Thou, too, lonely lord,  
And desolate consort — vainly wert thou wed !  
The husband of a year ! the father of the dead !

CLXX.

Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment made ;  
Thy bridal's fruit is ashes ; in the dust  
The fair-hair'd Daughter of the Isles is laid,  
The love of millions ! How we did entrust  
Futurity to her ! and, though it must  
Darken above our bones, yet fondly deem'd  
Our children should obey her child, and bless'd  
Her and her hoped-for seed, whose promise  
seem'd  
Like star to shepherd's eyes ; 'twas but a meteor  
beam'd.

OS CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaughter,  
A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daughters!

LXVII.

And on thy happy shore a Temple still,  
Of small and delicate proportion, keeps,  
Upon a mild declivity of hill,  
Its memory of thee; beneath it sweeps  
Thy current's calmness; oft from out it leaps  
The finny darter with the glittering scales,  
Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps;  
While, chance, some scatter'd water-lily sails  
Down where the shallower wave still tells its  
bubbling tales.

LXVIII.

Pass not unblest the Genius of the place!  
If through the air a zephyr more serene  
Win to the brow, 'tis his; and if ye trace  
Along his margin a more eloquent green,  
If on the heart the freshness of the scene  
Sprinkle its coolness, and from the dry dust  
Of weary life a moment lave it clean  
With Nature's baptism, — 'tis to him ye must  
Pay orisons for this suspension of disgust.



LXIX.

The roar of waters!—from the headlong  
height  
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;  
The fall of waters! rapid as the light  
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;  
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,  
And boil in endless torture; while the sweat  
Of their great agony, wrung out from this  
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet  
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror  
set,

LXX.

And mounts in spray the skies, and thence  
again  
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,  
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,  
Is an eternal April to the ground,  
Making it all one emerald. How profound  
The gulf! and how the giant element  
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,  
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and  
rent  
With his fierce footsteps, yields in chasms a  
fearful vent.

## CLXXI.

Woe unto us, not her ; for she sleeps well :  
 The fickle reek of popular breath, the tongue  
 Of hollow counsel, the false oracle,  
 Which from the birth of monarchy hath rung  
 Its knell in princely ears, till the o'erstrung  
 Nations have arm'd in madness, the strange  
     fate <sup>1</sup>  
 Which tumbles mightiest sovereigns, and hath  
     flung  
 Against their blind omnipotence a weight  
 Within the opposing scale, which crushes soon  
     or late, —

## CLXXII.

These might have been her destiny ; but no,  
 Our hearts deny it : and so young, so fair,  
 Good without effort, great without a foe ;  
 But now a bride and mother — and now  
     *there !*  
 How many ties did that stern moment tear !  
 From thy Sire's to his humblest subject's  
     breast  
 Is link'd the electric chain of that despair,

<sup>1</sup> Mary died on the scaffold ; Elizabeth of a broken heart ; Charles V. a hermit ; Louis XIV. a bankrupt in means and glory ; Cromwell of anxiety ; and Napoleon died a prisoner.

Whose shock was as an earthquake's, and  
opprest  
The land which loved thee so, that none could  
love thee best.

CLXXIII.

Lo, Nemi ! navell'd in the woody hills  
So far, that the uprooting wind which tears  
The oak from his foundation, and which spills  
The ocean o'er its boundary, and bears  
Its foam against the skies, reluctant spares  
The oval mirror of thy glassy lake ;  
And, calm as cherish'd hate, its surface wears  
A deep cold settled aspect nought can shake,  
All coil'd into itself and round, as sleeps the  
snake.

CLXXIV.

And near Albano's scarce divided waves  
Shine from a sister valley ; — and afar  
The Tiber winds, and the broad ocean laves  
The Latian coast where sprung the Epic war,  
“ Arms and the Man,” whose reascending star  
Rose o'er an empire ; — but beneath thy right  
Tully reposed from Rome ; — and where yon  
bar  
Of girdling mountains intercepts the sight,  
The Sabine farm was till'd, the weary bard's  
delight.

## CLXXV.

But I forget. — My Pilgrim's shrine is won,  
And he and I must part, — so let it be, —  
His task and mine alike are nearly done ;  
Yet once more let us look upon the sea :  
The midland ocean breaks on him and me,  
And from the Alban Mount we now behold  
Our friend of youth, that ocean, which when we  
Beheld it last by Calpe's rock unfold  
Those waves, we follow'd on till the dark  
Euxine roll'd

## CLXXVI.

Upon the blue Symplegades : long years —  
Long, though not very many — since have done  
Their work on both ; some suffering and some  
tears  
Have left us nearly where we had begun :  
Yet not in vain our mortal race hath run,  
We have had our reward — and it is here ;  
That we can yet feel gladden'd by the sun,  
And reap from earth, sea, joy almost as dear  
As if there were no man to trouble what is clear.

## CLXXVII.

Oh ! that the Desert were my dwelling-place,  
With one fair Spirit for my minister,

That I might all forget the human race,  
And, hating no one, love but only her !  
Ye Elements ! — in whose ennobling stir  
I feel myself exalted — can ye not  
Accord me such a being? Do I err  
In deeming such inhabit many a spot?  
Though with them to converse can rarely be our  
lot.

CLXXVIII.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is society where none intrudes,  
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :  
I love not man the less, but Nature more,  
From these our interviews, in which I steal  
From all I may be, or have been before,  
To mingle with the Universe, and feel  
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

CLXXIX.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean —  
roll !  
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;  
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control  
Stops with the shore ; — upon the watery plain

The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,  
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd and  
unknown.

## CLXXX.

His steps are not upon thy paths, — thy fields  
Are not a spoil for him, — thou dost arise  
And shake him from thee; the vile strength  
he wields  
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise.  
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,  
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful  
spray  
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies  
His petty hope in some near port or bay,  
And dashest him again to earth: — there let  
him lay.

## CLXXXI.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls  
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,  
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,  
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make

Their clay creator the vain title take  
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;  
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,  
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar  
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

CLXXXII.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save  
thee —  
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are  
they?  
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,  
And many a tyrant since: their shores obey  
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay  
Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou,  
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play —  
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow —  
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest  
now.

CLXXXIII.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's  
form  
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time  
Calm, or convulsed — in breeze, or gale, or  
storm,  
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime

Dark-heaving ; — boundless, endless, and sublime —

The image of Eternity — the throne  
Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime  
The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone  
Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

## CLXXXIV.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy  
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be  
Borne like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy  
I wanton'd with thy breakers — they to me  
Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea  
Made them a terror — 'twas a pleasing fear,  
For I was as it were a child of thee,  
And trusted to thy billows far and near,  
And laid my hand upon thy mane — as I do here.

## CLXXXV.

My task is done — my song hath ceased — my theme  
Has died into an echo ; it is fit  
The spell should break of this protracted dream.  
The torch shall be extinguish'd which hath lit



My midnight lamp—and what is writ, is  
writ—

Would it were worthier; but I am not now  
That which I have been — and my visions flit  
Less palpably before me — and the glow  
Which in my spirit dwelt is fluttering, faint,  
and low.

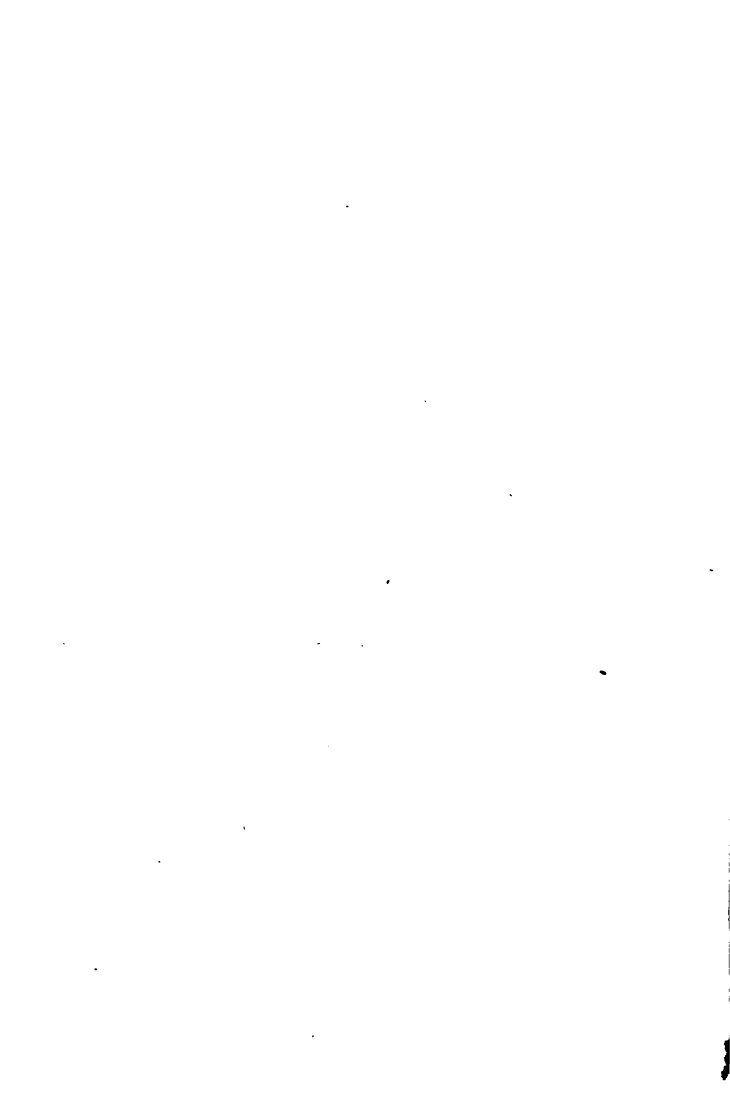
CLXXXVI.

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath  
been —

A sound which makes us linger; — yet, fare-  
well!

Ye, who have traced the Pilgrim to the scene  
Which is his last, if in your memories dwell  
A thought which once was his, if on ye swell  
A single recollection, not in vain

He wore his sandal-shoon and scallop shell;  
Farewell; with *him* alone may rest the pain,  
If such there were — with *you*, the moral of his  
strain.



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